John Bull, August 12th, 1917.

The "John Bull" Pen. How to Obtain it. See Coupon page.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 585. | SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

TIME FOR PLAIN SPEAKING

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Absolute Reliability

That is the great virtue of Ideal Milk—the absolute reliability—the same perfect quality in every tin. That is the reason why Ideal Milk should always be preferred to ordinary dairy milk by every prudent housewife. "Ideal" is just the richest cow's milk concentrated till it is as thick as cream—only water is taken away—nothing is added.

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No Sugar——No Preservative

IDEAL MILK

Diluted: for every purpose of fresh milk
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IT WONT "WHIP"

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.
Cash price 5d. and 10d. per tin.

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"We'll come back here! I am glad we've got all the arrangements for the wedding fixed up at last. If it hadn't been for the 'Midland' we might have had to wait months. But thanks to the 'Midland' Ideal Terms we've got every single thing we wanted to make our home perfect — and we've saved no end of expense and trouble."

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Come and see for yourself the £100,000 worth of superb furniture in the "Midland" Salons. With such a choice, you cannot help finding just what you want. And look at the prices — all plainly marked. Nowhere in the kingdom can you buy furniture of equal quality at prices which give you such splendid value for money. And the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to furnish out of income without touching your investments — without paying a penny interest or any extras whatsoever.

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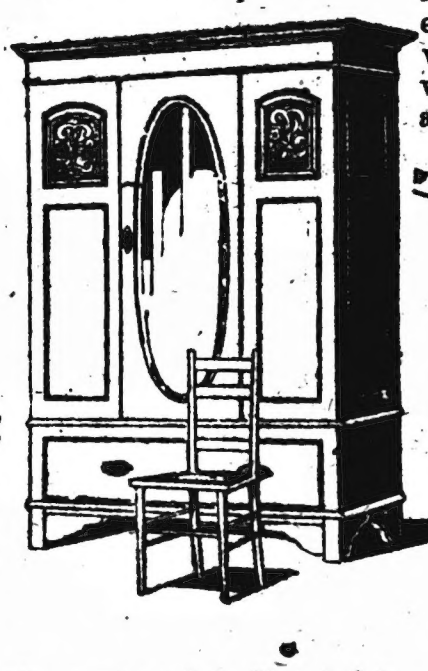

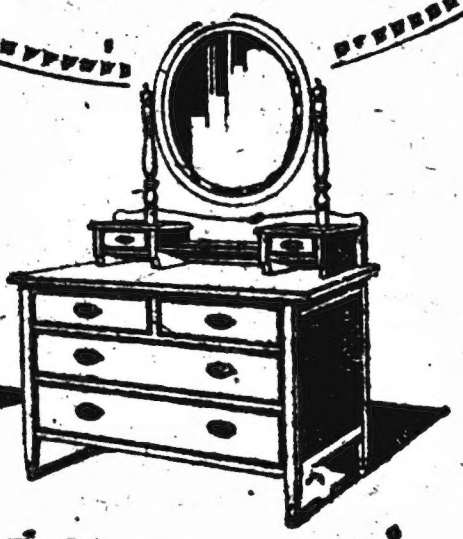

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Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station,
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It may save you a lot of expense and disappointment before the season is over.

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The problem of expensive new clothes need not worry you if you send your suit or overcoat to us to be renovated by our special tailor-cleaning process.

Whatever their condition, we are able to make them like new. We clean, do all minor repairs, reshape and press in best West-End style for 5s. per suit or overcoat.

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Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home **IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow **DISCOUNT FOR CASH** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Estab. 28 years.
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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

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I am the Controller of the largest and most efficient Wireless Schools in Great Britain, and have been requested by the Authorities to train a large number of boys in Wireless Telegraphy

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Boys and their parents should write to me at once for descriptive prospectus which will be sent free on application

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This book tells all there is to know about Wireless Telegraphy. It gives the fullest description of methods and terms. It is yours for the asking. Will you write for your copy to-day?

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The only tobacco that in any way compares with the fine home-made cut plug tobacco you get at home is

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"GRAND CUT"

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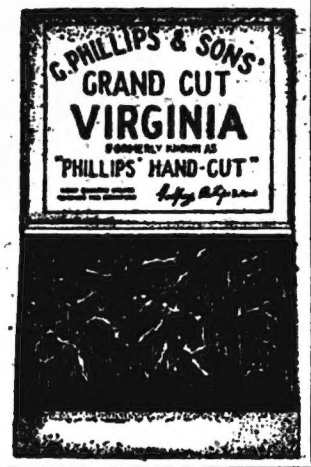
Buy it loose and ask sure for Godfrey Phillips' "Grand Cut." See that the Dealer weighs it out of Godfrey Phillips' yellow box: . . . the price is **7½d.** per ounce.



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7. **YOU SHOULD NOT MOVE WITHOUT AN "EVER-READY" ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.**

The Portable Electric Light Company, Ltd.,

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(The Famous Outfitters) LTD.

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9. **Shorthand**

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10. **"SWAN" PENS**

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11. **A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.**

If you want to earn more—to 'get on' in life—to attain real success—one of our books will help. Mention No. and letter indicating occupation desired.

11A Munition Work. 11G Mec. Engineering
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11D Motor Engrng. 11K Wireless Telephy
11E Industrial Chem. 11L Architecture
11F Careers for Men 11M Careers for Wom'n

I.C.S., Ltd., Kingsway, W.C.2.

"What d'ye lack?"

Here are some very interesting small advertisements of prominent firms, who, owing to the paper shortage, have adopted this means of keeping the readers of "JOHN BULL" acquainted with their products. You are invited to ask for further particulars on the INFORMATION COUPON below, with full name and address, posting it to—Dept. I.C.9, "JOHN BULL," 92, Long Acre, W.C.2.

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12. **FREE**

each month an

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Bright, helpful and interesting.

Just fits the pocket

Mention No. 12 on Coupon below.

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14. **Is it an ALL-IN Policy?**

THE EAGLE & BRITISH DOMINIONS "ALL-IN" POLICY

gives you protection of your house and home against practically every insurable risk under one Policy, one Premium, one Payment. It is the last word in Domestic Insurance.

Ocean House, Old Broad St., E.C. 2.

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2. **5,000**

British Officers and Men (including 20 Generals) and many thousands of business men and women have benefited by a Pelman Training. Quick promotion, increased incomes, greater efficiency. Can be followed by anybody, anywhere. Recommended to his readers by the Editor of "JOHN BULL."

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3. **GOT THE BLUES?**

Don't worry. Vicaps, that wonderful pick-me-up for jaded nerves, will put you right. They give new strength and vigour to body and mind of all sufferers from

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4. **EVERYTHING for the GARDEN**

OF GUARANTESTED QUALITY.

LISTS FREE.

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5. **"Free Hints about your Baby."**

Send for the "Glaxo" Baby Book Free.

"GLAXO,"

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6. **Sir HIRAM MAXIM'S HOME DOCTOR BOOK FREE.**

Send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home, most cases of catarrh, deafness, ear noises, bronchitis, asthma. The book and usual particulars will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address. Write to the Sole Licensees.

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Name _____

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* Where different booklets are offered, mention number and letter.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 585. Week ending Saturday, August 18th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Conference.

Do not be surprised if you find that the Allied Conference which has just been sitting in London—following the one in Paris—was busy discussing something other than plans for *continuing* the war. And, why was America unrepresented?

Political Logic.

When Henderson took Macdonald to Paris, he went, we were told, simply in his capacity as Secretary of the Labour Party; and the Prime Minister made a passionate defence of his colleague—based on that theory. But when he actually *met* the Labour Party—and displeased the Government—Mr. Lloyd George reminds him that he was not only Secretary of the Labour Party "but also a member of the Government."

Tastes Differ.

Speaking at the Serbian luncheon, Mr. Lloyd George said: "I like a nation that can sing of its defeats." We prefer one that can sing of its victories. "Rule, Britannia."

Bravo, Burnham!

Lord Burnham gave the country a few home truths in the Lords' debate on the Sale of Honours. For a new member of the House, his conduct was distinctly plucky.

C 2.

No, not a military category. It is the name of the Department of the War Office which "briefs" Mr. Macpherson for his replies to questions in the House. And "I am, of course, compelled to rely on the information I get," says the docile Under-Secretary!

A Juridical Nicety.

And listen to this: "The War Office distinguishes between a secret document and a confidential document." And between an Under-Secretary and a Parrot?

What is This?

At an I.L.P. Garden Party, in Leicester, the other day—in the presence of Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P.—Mr. J. W. Murby announced that "within the last few months Mr. Ramsay Macdonald had been offered a position in the Cabinet." We have seen no official denial of this.

The First Lesson.

The first thing the Germans have to learn before we can talk of peace is to pronounce the word "Restoration," says Mr. Lloyd George. Quite so; and the second, "Compensation"; and the third, "Guarantees." Had he forgotten the other two? *We* haven't.

Watch Mr. Asquith——

And you will not be long before you get the reward of your vigilance.

Voting by Proxy.

This is the latest idea for the soldiers. Wonder what the *next* will be!

Ireland.

We are glad to learn that the Convention has started well. Good luck to it—*but!*

His Grace.

What was the Archbishop of Canterbury doing on the platform at the Premier's recent Queen's Hall meeting? We hope he enjoyed the speech.

The Election.

In view of the delay in getting through the Electoral Reform Bill, the present idea is to extend the life of Parliament for another six months and have the election in May.

Eich Dyn.

We've got it right at last. It appears that as we gave the Welsh—*Ych dyn*—it meant "a tight ox." Oh, these mottoes! We shall have to put it into English, after all.

An Unhappy Simile.

Mr. Lloyd George is usually so happy and picturesque in his similes that we were a bit surprised to find him speaking of Russia as still being "on the rope." Let us hope she won't hang herself.

The Difference.

We wonder whether the *German* Special Constables have Regulations like this: "Your truncheon is a weapon of *defence* and not *offence*. You should use it only in a case of extreme urgency. . . . If possible aim at the prisoner's arms and legs rather than the head, so as to disable him *without inflicting serious injury.*" That's the British way.

More War Scandals.

Perhaps some day we may have a Commission and a Report on the operations in German East Africa. We could tell some terrible stories. Here is one—on the authority of a leading doctor: "Many men, if they fell out on the march, had to be left to die alone—possibly wild animals attacked them before they were dead. If a man stopped a minute he could rarely find his regiment again, and got lost for ever." What says General Smuts?

Our Free Air Raid Insurance Coupon will be found on page iii of Cover.

St. Ermin's.

Our remarks on this spacious futility in National Service seem to have got home. We hear of one of its officials scooting around for a means of disposing of fifty tons of printed matter, and it is to be assumed the useless stuff is now missing. Wonder what it fetched as waste paper?

The Happy Father.

The father of seventeen children, thirteen living, appealed to the Elgin Tribunal for more time. He handed in a note stating that he was expecting to become a father for the eighteenth time—and they ordered him to be called up forthwith. In the circumstances the course taken was rather brutal, and will be very expensive to the country.

Munitioners' Pay.

From more than one munitions factory we receive complaints that married men, fathers of families, receive less wages than the single girls with whom they work; sometimes the girls' pay is twice as much as the married men's. As the situation is irksome and irritating, it is one to which Mr. Churchill might extend sympathetic consideration.

Wasted Railway Coal.

Owing to congested traffic, we have recently on more than one occasion travelled in the guard's van; and have been struck by the loss of coal which occurs through the idiotic construction of the cages on the tenders of the engines in which it is stored. On one short journey—of less than fifty miles—we saw at least a hundredweight of the smaller pieces drop through the bars on to the line.

An Interrupted Sermon.

Here is a note from Felixstowe Camp. The Bishop of London was addressing the men on the subject of being "good," when an alarm was given that the Taubes were on the way. The congregation broke up in haste—special steps being taken for the safety of the Bishop. But it turned out to be a false alarm, and the men spent the rest of the afternoon bathing in the sea. Lucky chaps!

The Grave Without a Flower.

A corporal of the Royal North Lancashires informs us that he chanced to be passing Manor Park Cemetery on the anniversary of the death of Jack Cornwell, immortal hero of the Jutland Battle, and was amazed to notice there was not a single flower on his grave as a tribute of respect for his memory. This is not the way that brave boy's dust should be treated. From such dust Britain is born and by it she lives. The day Jack Cornwell died is not the day for those near his grave to forget all he was and all he gave to his Motherland.

Mrs. Cornwell's Pension.

By the way, "Three Boy Scouts and a Girl," all of Walthamstow, promise to forgive our reference to Scouts "swanking" if we will call attention to the fact that Mrs. Cornwell, "with all the 'Jack Cornwell Fund,' has not received a penny to help her get the necessaries of life. She has two children at least left, and we have been informed by people who know her that the pension she has obtained is very inadequate. Do be a sport and look into this for us." It is a bargain.

The Welcome Home.

Preston Guardians have received in the casual ward of Fulwood Workhouse a soldier "with a good character from his colonel," who has been discharged unfit from the Army after over two years' service. Evidently, he saw the door open and walked right in to fill a vacuum under his waistcoat. It is conjectured that he has either misplaced an enormous pension or is compelled to go on the rates till he gets it.

"Billy" on Bill.

You have heard of Billy Sunday, the great American revivalist? This is his description of the Kaiser: "The rottenest, vilest, dirtiest, most vicious, corrupt, inhuman, beastly, devilish, triple extract of Hell." Nearly as well as *we* could have described him!

Coventry Ordnance Works.

With reference to Mr. Henry Rudolf Trost—who, by the way, is *Assistant* Transport Manager, the Manager being Mr. Engelbach—we now beg to inquire whether he was nominated to this post by Vice-Admiral Bacon, of the Dover Command—the kind-hearted gentleman who recently revelled in our good fortune at having rescued a number of German murderers from the sea,

The Week's Keep.

A soldier's wife, discharged from munition work through heart failure, turned to the Convalescent Home for munition girls opened at Lord Derby's house, in the hope of recovering her health. She says she was told she would have to pay £1 a week, and the poser she puts to us is, as the Government expects her to keep herself on an allowance of 12s. 6d., how is it that the Home cannot keep her on less than £1? It is a problem in domestic economy deserving of an official answer.

Blazes.

Ten thousand tons of hay, the property of the Government, were destroyed by fire at the North Wall Jetties, Dublin. The hay was awaiting shipment to England, being commandeered stock. "Spontaneous combustion" was suggested, and we add the suggestion of culpable negligence, on the part of the persons responsible for storing ten thousand tons of hay in one burnable heap. Sensible farmers build their stacks fairly far apart; then, should one stack catch fire, all the lot need not burn.

Now is the Time.

Unless Lord Rhondda or the local authorities render to allotment-holders some form of assistance, and this at once, in the proper storage of their stocks at lifting, it is obvious thousands of tons of vegetable food will go rotten; perhaps we shall not even be able to keep a quarter of the food which has been won from waste and unpromising land by ceaseless toil and determination—to say nothing of the money invested. Be sure that in Germhuny the private food grower is well fathered.

The Policeman's Lot.

Police-constables who dare to disobey are not let off lightly. Seven constables, for attending a meeting of their Union, have been "sentenced" to fines extending over a period of eight years. This means each man will be punished every week—416 times in all—for one offence, the amount to be paid by each being £93 12s. Sixteen constables have been dismissed the force, after having served in it, altogether, a total of over 141 years. Surely such terrible punishment mis-"fits the crime"!

Only Sons and Needy Mothers.

Thus a mother, on her position and that of her husband now that their only son—"the only asset of our old age"—is reported missing: "It is a splendid suggestion, that of yours, about widows who have lost only sons in this war being allowed to take old-age pension at 60 in case of proved need. Nothing, surely, is too much to ask for what they gave to the war and what the war has taken away." The need in numerous cases is undoubtedly great, and we ask the Exchequer to give the suggestion we have made favourable consideration.

Just the thing for the holidays—the "John Bull" Pen. See coupon, page 15.

"P" is for "Prisoner."

These escapes of German prisoners are becoming monotonous. They could be made automatically to cease if the garments of the Huns were painted with a prominent "P" for prisoner; but it must be painted, for a letter sewn on could be easily removed. It is said that the system is adopted in France, and that Fritz does not care to cut and run with his stigma stencilled on his back.

Dogs and Huns in S.W. Africa.

There is a bitter sort of a row among British officers and soldiers in occupation of Germhun South West Africa because they are called on to pay a dog tax which goes to the Germhun municipal authorities. Think of the Germhun Governor of Belgium collecting a dog tax from his officers owning dogs, in order to swell the coffers of the Belgian local councils. That is to say, think of it if you *can*.

Thames Tunnels.

Not desiring to encourage scaremongering, we would, all the same, inquire whether the passenger tunnels under the Thames, at Woolwich and Greenwich, are efficiently and sufficiently patrolled. Some of the local residents suggest that the answer is in the negative. Besides an alert patrol system, each entrance should be guarded by men with their eyes open for suspicious visitors. Precaution is a good friend to safety.

Free Speech for Traitors.

Mr. Atkins is supposed to have no opinions; should he have any, he must keep them to himself. From the point of view of discipline, such a regulation may be necessary, but it is sometimes galling. One good man and true was disgusted at the meetings of pacifists and Objects in the Market Square at Blackburn, the town misrepresented by the person Snowden. So he resolved to tell the people the other side of the story, but a Red-cap rolled along and compelled him to close down. The loyal man must remain mum, you see, while the voice of treason and disloyalty rings loud in the land, free and uncontrolled.

A Trick of the Trade.

We have already expressed the view that after three years of war there is no further excuse for shopkeepers foisting on the British public Germhun goods. "The enclosed postcard," writes a soldier of the 35th Northumberland Fusiliers, "was bought by me at Herne Bay this week, and I naturally assumed that the words 'English Photography. J. Welsh and Sons, Photographic Publishers, Portsmouth,' were sufficient to assure it as British manufacture. I was extremely annoyed later to find the words 'Printed in Saxony' have been artfully covered by a mark which I should imagine has been done by a printer and not by the shopkeeper." There is, or ought to be, matter for legal prosecution and penalty against the perpetrators, whoever they may be, of such dirty and unpatriotic tricks of trade.

State Blackmail.

The State ought to be above blackmail, yet here is an example of it: A few days ago an officer in the merchant service found on his doorstep at Watford an Income-Tax Collector who wanted "Tax on £11 at 1s. 9d. in the £, being bonus paid for resisting submarine attack." The officer had not received any bonus in respect of the steamship line as to which the claim was made. That, however, is merely the personal matter. As he puts it, "We are told to remain in our ships (I was torpedoed on June 8th with 17 deaths); yet when we get a small bonus for pulling through the attack of a Germhun submarine and bringing our ship and cargo safe to port the Government come down and tax us 1s. 9d. in the £ on our bonus. The merchant service is doing its bit in this war, and I call it a bit thick." Not only a bit thick, but a bit thickheaded.

"Bullets"—250 Not Out.

This week "Bullets" registers the remarkable total of 250 not out. Our popular competition easily holds the record for the longest run, having started nearly five years ago. To celebrate the occasion the First Prize has been increased to £500—*for this week only*.

"That's All."

"I am a license-holder in Bradford," says a liquid refresher in that town. "Now here is the point. We are all short of bottled beer, etc., yet the brewers are sending motor-lorry loads three or four times a week to Lofthouse Internment Camp to quench the thirst of the horrific Hun. That's all." As to whether there is a public grievance, apart from the private one, all depends on the brew. If it is the "New Beer," the Huns can have it.

"The Song of the Schoolmistress."

The West Suffolk Education Committee wins easily in the Low Salary Stakes, compared with previous examples quoted by us. They have issued a circular, pointing out that teaching is of "the greatest national importance." Then, to show how important it is, they announce a vacancy for a Supplementary Mistress at a commencing salary of (prepare to whistle, please) £20 per annum! After that, we are not surprised to learn that the older head teachers are sadly underpaid, their appeals being described as "premature." When they are quite starved will be the appropriate time, evidently.

Funereal, but Novel.

There have been many less effective funeral sermons than that preached by the Rev. J. H. Jenkins, Rector of Cilrhedyn, in Wales, at the graveside of an old crippled pauper of the Newcastle Emlyn Union. "Thomas," he said above the coffin, "we hope you have now seen the pleasant land and the King in His beauty. Tell Him that we around here were so busy singing hymns and saving money that we didn't know him a bit as the poor cripple of Penwalk, but we'll do our best for Mary Ann." The identity of Mary Ann is not disclosed. Whoever she is, let's hope her last days will be made happier by the redemption of that promise.

Newbound at it Again.

The "expenses"-monger, J. W. Newbound—now of 3, Beech Wood Road, Leeds—is at his old tricks again. A week or two ago a Manchester man advertised for £500 on mortgage. The eagle eye of Newbound at once fixed it and brightened up in hopes, and the next morning the following card was received:—"Kindly let me hear from you when convenient and stating the particulars. I may say the money could remain for a fixed term *provided* the interest be paid punctual at 5 to 6 per cent. per year. I await an answer." This is the second time the notorious Newbound has tried to catch this particular advertiser, but he is still awaiting the fish rising to the bait.

"Ninepence for Fourpence."

Statements made to us by four consumptives at the Fairlight Sanatorium, at Ore, near Hastings, remind us that the ninepence for fourpence is still to seek. "Not one of us," they say, "has been able to get treatment from them, and have had to apply to the Hospital Saturday Fund. In two cases benefit has been received through personal payment of 10s. a week, which is hard to find when one has no other income beyond what he earns; the other two have to find 25s. a week the best way they can. One man goes home next week, and if the Hospital Saturday Fund will not pay his fare, a collection will have to be made here among the patients." The Act—a bad copy from Germhuny—is, from one cause and another, a failure.

"Bullets" First Prize increased to £500—this week only. See page 20.

A COLOSSAL SPOOF.

"STRENGTH OF BRITAIN" MOVEMENT—AN AMAZING SCANDAL.

By Charles Palmer.

"ONE by one the leading lights of the 'Strength of Britain' movement are disappearing. What does it all mean?" Behind that query in the last issue of John Bull lurks a real public scandal, involving the conduct of men whose names figure prominently before the public. It is a scandal on which I now propose to shed sufficient light to shame into action, I hope, those who have sought to sneak out of a discredited movement—to desert those who have subscribed money on the strength of their names, and to avoid an obvious moral duty. Everyone by this time has heard and read of the so-called "Strength of Britain" movement, a collection of faddists and cranks, whose object is to rob the working man of his beer. Under the guise of a great patriotic crusade, on the success of which we were told victory depended, the Prohibitionists have been ramping round the country and raging in the Press. The Western Front mattered nothing; the "U" boat was but a flea-bite peril compared with the danger of drink, the lurking menace of beer. Once make every person a teetotaler by Act of Parliament, and the Kaiser might rave and Hindenburg howl—the war was as good as won. Now, personally, I have a good deal of sympathy with the man of strong opinion; he may be wrong, but he believes he is right, and right at least he is with his own conscience.

Rats and the Sinking Ship.

But there are, or rather were, connected with this Strength of Britain movement men whose names have conjured thousands of pounds out of the public pocket. Men like Sir Alfred Booth, Bart., the President; like Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the able, if fanatical, Editor of the *Spectator*; Mr. Stuart Holden, M.A., and the polemical Mr. Arthur Mee—perhaps the most enthusiastic in work as he is also the unfairest in argument of all the Prohibition faddists—have been prominent in the Movement. To-day they are no longer associated with the raging and tearing propaganda. Like rats they have left a sinking ship. Moreover, they have slunk away without having the common honesty to give publicly the reasons for their desertion. If I am not mistaken, they have resigned because they have come to the conclusion that on the Committee are men who are simply collecting subscriptions "for their own maintenance"; that the whole thing has lost its honesty of purpose and of working; that in the opinion of one of those who have quietly crept out of the limelight, it has degenerated into a colossal "spoof." Let me quote from the unpublished letter of resignation of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Arthur Mee, whose "Defeat and Victory" has sold by hundreds of thousands, and who has done more than any other man to foist this Prohibition humbug upon the easily gulled:—"I cannot resist the feeling that the Strength of Britain movement, in giving the public on every subscription form, in every coupon, in all its advertisements and handbooks, and *even in my own books and leaflets* [my italics], the assurance that we are all honorary crusaders has been perilously near the desperate position of those who obtain support by false pretences. I consider it inconsistent with the dignity of any movement—quite apart from its professions of disinterestedness—that men should sit on its Executive Committee, arrange public meetings under its own auspices and undertake to represent the Committee at these meetings, for very substantial fees." The above is one of several charges made by the man who, with H. Randall, started the movement. His own books, he alleges, are being used to obtain money under false pretences. Yet he is content to withdraw from a body which is misusing his name and deceiving the public, instead of remaining—as any man with the strength of a true Briton in him would—to fight the evil doers and rout them. And what of Sir Alfred Booth—Chairman of the Cunard line—and Mr. Strachey of the *Spectator*? I have seen no public statement of the reasons for the Editor's withdrawal. Sir Alfred has at least given one in the Press. It is because "Government and other work demanded most of his powers and has prior claim over everything else. He is still favourably inclined to the announced programme of the movement." Is this innocent or artful? Does he know anything of the charge made against the Committee by the disillusioned and disgruntled Mee? If he does, it is unworthy of a man in his position to act as he has done. And the same remark applies to Mr. Strachey, who for weeks belauded and boosted the movement in the sententious pages of the *Spectator*. He obtained hundreds of pounds from his readers for the "cause," and he stands in the position of a trustee for that sum. Knowing what he knows, what right has he to clear out without reason given, and leave to men in whom he has lost confidence the spending or misspending of money he was instrumental in wheedling from well-meaning fools?

The "Corset" Man also "Stays."

What, I ask, have the "business men and others" who attended the inauguration of this discredited movement to say on the scandal? What have the 2,500 distinguished citizens, the 100 Admirals and Generals, the 100 Privy Councillors and Ambassadors and M.P.s, the 300 Magistrates, the 200 baronets and knights (I am quoting from the flamboyant advertisement in Mee's book) to say? They at least have a right to demand some explanation from the scuttlers. So far as I can ascertain, of the original executive, Dr. Saleeby, M.D., Chairman—the gentleman who seeks exemption from military service on the plea of "national work"—Mr. Henry Randall and Mr. H. S. Richardson (Treasurer) remain as prominent, if not sole surviving, members. Of these Mr. Randall is by no means unknown to readers of John Bull. He is or was the British agent of the Royal Worcester Corset, a company which is only impudently "Royal" and whose Worcester is the Worcester of Massachusetts. His mendacious advertisements were exposed in these columns in 1914—not long before the time when his name appeared in the Courts as defendant in an unsavoury breach of promise case, which was hushed up on the payment of £500 damages. Advertising corsets or Strength of Britain movements may be good business, but it is a different matter when scandalous conduct is concerned. All that appeared in print related to the question of costs, the action having been "at the last moment" settled out of Court. But these are the pretty facts (I am quoting from the *Daily Mail*, of Nov. 16th, 1914): The defendant, Mr. H. Randall, living in the West district of London, was a wealthy man to whom the plaintiff, Miss ——, had been admittedly engaged for eight years. She then discovered that during the whole of her engagement the defendant was a married man. She herself was a woman in a respectable position, and besides having lent him various sums of money, at his request she had disposed of her business in Aberdeen. So much for Randall. As to Mee, we have crossed swords with him on more than one occasion for his recklessness of statement and of argument. But his present conduct, in making grave charges without attempting to bring to book those whom he impeaches, is inexcusable. If he and his fellow-scuttlers value their own reputation and have any thought for the "cause" and the "subscribers" who have been "betrayed," they cannot remain silent. And what about a Balance-Sheet?

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Earl Curzon of Kedleston.

DEAR LORD CURZON,—While a man in your position (Leader in the House of Peers) holds such strange and perverse views concerning the sale of honours, the nation cannot hope to see an end put to this deplorable scandal of our public life. You said in the House of Lords the other day that it was not necessarily a dishonour to "receive an honour in the gift of which a contribution to Party funds may have played a part." And yet all honours come from the King! What has he to do with contributions to Party funds? Really, my Lord, you forget that loyalty to the Throne is the first duty of a Minister of the Crown, and to pollute the "fountain of honour" by recommending money-bought titles is to bring the Throne into contempt. Think it over! JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P.

MY DEAR HENDERSON,—I am sorry to have to scold you—we are old friends—but after your conduct in flitting off to Paris with Ramsay Macdonald, and then taking a line over the Stockholm Conference in direct opposition to that of the rest of the Cabinet, and the wishes of the Russian Government, there was nothing for it but to clear out—as I advised you to do last week. I have never questioned your good intentions, nor your sterling patriotism—your dead boy is an eloquent monument to that—but I cannot say that straightforwardness has distinguished your recent conduct. No man can serve two masters—not even a Labour man

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. B. O. F. Heywood, Leeds, Yorks.

DEAR MR. VICAR,—I see you have been laboriously expounding the usual inanities on why people don't go to church. They strike me as a very good answer to your own question. As I have only a moment between the beginning of my breakfast and the end of your sermon, I will specifically refer but to this: "The Englishman, as generally represented by John Bull, is a bluff, hearty figure with top boots, and a bull-dog by his side; could they imagine such a man kneeling in a church and saying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty'?" By return of compliment, I shall take the liberty of asking you another. The greatest English professional pietists are generally represented in the figure of a man in a shovel hat, apron, gaiters, and a short white necktie, with ruffles to his sleeves, leaning up against a gorgeous episcopal palace, with a Bible in one hand and a bag containing his £5,000 or £15,000 a year salary in the other. Can you imagine a man of this type during his life responding to the call which must be constantly ringing in his ears, "Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor and follow Me"? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. R. Knowles, 45, Kimberley Street, Plaintree's Road, Bradford.

DEAR FRIEND,—As the war is still young, but older than it used to be, I gather you will respond with befitting alacrity to the calling-up notice sent to you by the Bradford Recruiting Officer, especially as that zealous warrior is trying to beat records. It is true that, having been born on March 3rd, 1837, you are now in your 81st year; but having failed to raise the dead, I anticipated they would raise the age. After all, there's nowt ta beeat young 'uns bar t'owd 'uns, as they say in your parts, and I imagine that as soon as they get you at the Front and over the top, Field Marshal Haig will order the Great Push to continue. What arrangements have you made to reach the recruiting station, by the way? Shall you walk, or would you like me to ask the Recruiting Officer to come and wheel you round? JOHN BULL,

To Lady Elliott-Drake, Nutwell Court, Lympstone, Devon.

MADAM,—Several Devonshire readers have called my attention to your advertisement for a cook ("Church of England"). They represent to me that, as there is still a war on, as the practice of economy is even greater than the precept, as you have already ten servants, including housekeeper, and as you have only three in family, you might really make an effort to carry on by handing over the cookery to the existing ten, with instructions to share it between them—"Church of England" or not! JOHN BULL.

To Colonel Yate, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR COLONEL;—When questions were asked in the House the other day by those who are anxious to ensure that due recognition should be paid to Lieut.-Col. Carter, of the Indian Medical Service, you, in what looked like a grudging spirit of jealousy, tried to belittle the action of that courageous and outspoken officer. Because he had charge of a hospital ship, he bore none of the heat and burden, you said, endured by those who attended the wounded in Mesopotamia. No, but he did something more. While they remained silent as to the horrors and inhumanities our soldiers were enduring, he risked all, spoke out and so saved suffering and human life. That is why we honour him and desire to see him honoured. Be just if you can't be generous! JOHN BULL.

To P.C. Parker, 358 L.

DEAR PARKER,—What an example you set to the profiteers and all who grab without thinking of the sufferings of the poor, in that gracious action of yours revealed at Lambeth Police Court! In the execution of your duty you had arrested an absentee soldier, and were entitled to the reward usually granted in such cases. But, like the man you are, you refused to accept it on the ground that, if you took the money, the soldier's wife and children would suffer. That is the right spirit, and I wish there were more like you. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Lawson Walker, Somewhere in Worcestershire.

SIR,—I do not know your exact address, as I find merely your name attached to the report in a Worcestershire newspaper of a speech of yours—a speech short, but shameful. This was what you said:—"You were thankful that you were not dependent upon soldiers' labour now that German prisoners were available. The British soldiers were the laziest lot of labourers you had ever come across." The Chairman of the Committee addressed by you was shocked; he said, "You must not say that." And you had the indecent effrontery to retort, "I *do* say it." When I think of British soldiers, and of the "laziness" of their "labours" on every battle front—when I think of the magnificent, toilsome bravery of men who have died, of men who are still dying, so that the lives and homes and fields of men like you shall continue in inviolate safety—I am appalled at the insulting tongue that can utter so vile a slander. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Bolak, Record Press, Fetter Lane, E.C.

SIR,—I am very glad to see that the Magistrate at Bow Street made short work of your plea of a merely technical offence when you were summoned by the Director of Public Prosecutions for concealing the fact that you owed money to enemy firms in Constantinople and Berlin. You urged in your defence that it was due to the mistaken way of keeping your accounts. But that did not wash, and the fact that you are a German subject was not calculated to improve matters. For your offence you could have been sent to prison for six months, and the money penalties you incurred aggregate many thousands of pounds. But the British Courts are merciful, and you got off with £100 fine and costs. By the way, you told the Magistrate you had volunteered for National Service. And you a German subject! What cheek! JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. Thomas, Precentor, Chelmsford Cathedral.

SIR,—Really it is time all this canting nonsense about "Divine displeasure" were made a penal offence. According to you gentlemen of the black cloth, it was God's wrath which forced this war upon unoffending people, and now you have been telling a congregation in Chelmsford Cathedral that the recent heavy rainstorms have been sent by the Almighty to express His disapproval "at the amount of Sunday labour performed on allotments and elsewhere this season." Just as one type of Conscientious Objector would not fight to preserve the honour of women and children, so you are against working to feed them. In my view it is a fine, not to say a noble, thing for hard-working men to give up their Sunday leisure to help to defeat the starvation aims of the "U" boats. You should thank Heaven we have such men, instead of taking God's name in vain to reprove them.

JOHN BULL.

A VISION OF JUDGMENT.

THERE IS ONE WHOSE VENGEANCE NEVER FAILS—WOE TO THE HUN!

By A. G. Hales.

WOE to the Hun—for the writing is upon the wall, and the day of Germany's judgment is not afar off! From Berlin to Baghdad the highways and byeways of the world have been sown with skulls. Red ruin and devastation; rapine and ruthless murder have walked hand in hand beneath the banners of the royal homicide who claimed his crown from the hands of the living God; and from the awful hands of Him who holds the balance level, the homicide shall receive the price of his iniquities—measure for measure, heaped up and brimming over. Even now the feet of Him who bringeth tidings from the halls of the unseen are ringing down the aisles of space; soon will they echo around the vaulted chambers of the earth like thunder through a cloud-capped sky; and earth and heaven shall rock to the clarion call of victory. For the Lord of Hosts hath reached forth His hand to lift our banner high above the tumult of the battle, and the breath of His nostrils shall melt the marrow in the bones of the German men of war. Vain will be the vaunted skill of all the captains of their hosts; vain the massing of their millions on the Western Front; vain all the engineering skill, and all the panoply of war. Their hosts shall bend and break like over-ripened corn before the whirlwind's shock. Their valour shall depart from them; they shall surrender in legions, scarce striking a blow in defence of the crown they know to cover a tyrant's dishonoured head; and their cry for quarter shall make the whole world wonder how such as they could once have held half the universe in awe. The glitter and the pomp and circumstance of war shall depart from them, and leave them naked and ashamed as a people, that all mankind may know them for what they are—the besotted instruments of their Junker overlords, who promised them glory and gave them a shambles. They who came forth to save Europe with steel, and re-create the unholy dominion of the sword, shall cringe before the bared blade—running from the battle they provoked, with heads turned in terror on their shoulder; and their feet shall be the feet of those who shun the avenger. But they shall pay the price; He who hath weighed them in the balance is about to repay. The figs are ripe.

The Hand that Covered the Eyes.

It was the mighty hand of Him who avenges all things that fell upon the eyes of the royal homicide, blinding him that he could not see the fatal weakness of his tool and parasite, "Black Michael"—his new Chancellor, whose maiden speech in the Reichstag robbed the German people of all hope of living as free men as long as the Hohenzollern dynasty endured. The Germanic peoples made no open sign, but as white ants eat the core and substance from the hardest wood, leaving only the shell that will not bear a burden, so "Black Michael's" speech, learned sentence by sentence from the lips of the Kaiser, has eaten the very vitals of Germany, until she stands rotting, root and branch, tottering to her fall. Beneath the throne I see a hollow space with all the foundations cut away, and in the midst a heap of grinning skulls wrapped round with the royal purple, and draped in Junker robes. Above all, in letters of flaming fire surcharged with blood, I read these words: "The vengeance of an outraged God." In cities, towns, and on the outskirts of hamlets, baronial halls are going up in flames—the black smoke billows high; the gutted walls, shaken to their foundations, crash inwards to make monuments for the new Germany—to remind the unborn generations that they who live for lust and licence, for blood and robbery, must drink to the dregs the draught they brew. For the goblet of retribution is in the hand of the Lawgiver of the Universe, whose laws in the end are immutable. Are the people blameless? Nay, not so; that people is guilty that permits a ruler, or a class, to lead them to the shedding of innocent blood and the removal of its neighbours' landmarks. The German people will pay the price to the uttermost farthing, and the hour of the fulfilment of this prophecy is quivering to life in the womb of events unborn. I see the clouds—athwart the skies. The heavens open; wind and rain sweep the German world until the scanty crops stand sodden to the ears, and the famished cattle rot in the mire. Famine and pestilence, twin brethren of murder and robbery, flit from house to house until the dead are as the sands by the sea shore, and the German moan fills every breeze that blows from Iceland to India—that all humanity may know the Great Avenger has struck in His own good time and purged the world of a curse. And my soul knows that it is good; for Justice is never wrong, nor ever can be. The heartbroken wailing of the mothers of Belgium, Northern France, Serbia and Roumania shall surely find an echo in Germany. The women who hounded men on to crime, and gloried in the infamies they perpetrated, shall feel their own heart-strings snap, and the desolation of the utterly bereft shall be their portion—for of such is the very essence of the law of compensation.

The Great Debacle.

I see, as in a dream, the hosts of Britain, France and America advancing to the onset on our Western Front; their great and glorious flags are clustered round poor Belgium's riven banner, caressing it like sisters' hands with every passing breeze. I hear the ring of bugles, and the Anglo-Saxon roar that seems to rend the skies. I hear the vivid battle-cry of dauntless France, and the deep-toned thunder of the hoofs of countless horse in action. Lances lie level; sabres gleam; bayonets, all bared for the fleshing, gleam countless as stars in an Arctic sky. Men of the three greatest races earth has ever bred are sweeping on to glorious death, or deathless victory. The skies are filled with ships of war—grim eagles of the air, they mount, they soar, they swoop and strike. Then earth is shaken by the blasting roar of myriad guns from German battalions, and the battered soil grows moist with the richest blood that ever fell from heroes' veins. Onward, ever onward, rush our hosts, and the air above them is filled with the armies of God fighting the legions of Hell that have gathered beneath the Kaiser's banners. The German hosts give way—they will not face the steel; the marrow of their manhood has turned to water. Regiments, brigades, divisions throw down their weapons, cringing like hounds which have met their masters. On over the trenches—over or through the batteries—on through every line of defence, sweep the proud champions of liberty in one vast, tumultuous wave that is as resistless as the uncurbed sea. The German spirit is broken by those granite warriors; the Reserves refuse to advance—fear, the mother of panic, grips the Hunnish armies; they abandon their guns, fling away their arms, and, cursing the Kaiser and his Junkers, seek safety in flight. Then—bridle to bridle, knee to knee, lances dipping, sabres flashing, steeds neighing, with ears laid flat and tails outstretched—the cavalry is amongst them, and the blood of women and children that ran on English soil, on the decks of ships at sea, on every inch of ground conquered by Germany, is avenged at last! Defeat becomes disaster; the rout a debacle, and tortured Belgium lifts up her voice to God and thanks Him that she is once more free.

THE PRICE OF "HONOURS."

If you're barren of honour and want to be "great,"
Buy a Peerage and pose as "a Pillar of State."
But at least let us know—in the manner portrayed—
How the "honour" was "won" and the price that was paid.

"GRACE"—AND DISGRACE.

TOMBSTONE RECORD FOR MILL HILL BURIAL BOARD.

One of the Medical Boards who have made themselves unenviably notorious in the forcing of unfit men into the Army is Mill Hill. The members of this Board—a Burial Board if ever there was one—have their consciences to charge with many a painful tragedy, not the least painful of them one of which we have just been made acquainted. At the outbreak of war Dugald James Kirkpatrick, 8, Theobald's Avenue, North Finchley—a man of 35 years, with a wife and four children—was getting his living as a house-painter and decorator; this in spite of being afflicted with a withered leg. He offered himself for enlistment, but was rejected on account of his defect. He came forward again under the Derby scheme, and was again rejected. For ten months subsequently he was completely laid up with lead poisoning. When he had recovered sufficiently to occupy part of his time in light work, he was called up under the Conscription Act, but was once more rejected. In May last, however, he was ordered to present himself at Mill Hill. Two doctors were present at his re-examination, and in spite of his withered leg, of the fact that he was plainly and visibly still suffering from the effects of lead poisoning, and notwithstanding his three rejection cards—which they tore up in front of his eyes—they classified him B 1. On June 14th Kirkpatrick was called to the Colours. On June 21st he was sent to Gravesend. On July 3rd he was put on the march, during which he fell out. Half an hour later he was dead. "Cerebral haemorrhage (2 days) and exhaustion," said the death certificate; and thus an end. Meanwhile, the widow has to clothe, shelter, and maintain her four children. So far as we can gather, all the poor woman *may* receive—"as a matter of grace," as the military undertakers put it—is the separation allowance for six months, and 15s. a week for the duration of the war and for twelve months afterwards. Then she can go into the workhouse, for all they care—or at any rate for all they seem to care. Their work is done.

UNCO BAD AND UNCO GUID.

UN-EVENHANDED JUSTICE IN SCOTTISH POLICE COURTS.

Scottish police courts appear to treat grave offences leniently, while dealing remorselessly with the petty defendant. At Portobello the first system was exemplified. Two young fellows pleaded guilty to a breach of the peace on a tramcar, and one of them to assaulting a tramway inspector and three soldiers. Since Glasgow Fair there have been numerous assaults on soldiers, the victims usually being lads under 19, in a training battalion. The two roughs under notice boarded a tram late on a Saturday night, and one of them stood in the doorway and defied the conductress, afterwards smoking in the car. He assaulted an inspector who came to inquire what was amiss, and also two lance-corporals who had nothing to do with the affair, as well as another soldier who went to the rescue of his comrades on the ground. One soldier, cut on the face, was on his way to France; another had a bad concussion of the brain, and the third, injured in the leg, would be off duty for some time. The Magistrate said these attacks on soldiers had become so frequent that they would be driven to take the law into their own hands. Yet the brute who committed the unprovoked assaults referred to got off with a fine of £10 and a caution, while his companion had to pay only £1. When we turn to the other branch of Scottish justice we find it exercised at Linlithgow on a poor licensed grocer, whose terrible crime was that he had accepted an order for spirits, to be conveyed off the premises, contrary to the Liquor Regulations. The grocer pleaded that he did so, not for profit, but to oblige a friend. And the result? Well, the wicked man has to pay a fine of £50! The two cases appear in the same newspaper, and form a striking example of the goody-goodness that shudders in horror over the sale of a drop of whisky, while taking much smaller account of atrocious brutality. A rough in unbridled frenzy is let off lightly; the licensed man who allows one friend to have one dram after hours is punished with a fine that may ruin his business.

TIME FOR PLA

A "Gallant" Officer!—Who Is the

By THE E

IN what a Fool's paradise Ministers are living, if they imagine for one moment that the public are acquiescing in the policy of hush regarding the Mesopotamia horrors! I should like them to spend an hour every day going through my letter bag. Writes one poor father;—"I am one of the thousands of parents who have suffered the loss of a son—in my case an only son; 'Buried in a nameless grave, His life for country's sake he gave—An only son!'" And you should read what this bereaved parent has to say—all summed up in one biting sentence: "The action of the Government in respect to this all too terrible business is so nauseous, so uncanny, as almost to force one to renounce patriotism." That letter is typical of thousands which have reached me. Would the Prime Minister like to see them? And the terrible reflection is that even with the Commissioners' Report before us, we have not been told anything like the whole ghastly truth. I have in front of me, from men who went through the hell of it, stories of how our brave boys were dropping down like flies, with scarcely a stretcher to carry them to the "doctor's shop"—a rough-and-ready bungalow made with twigs, covered at the top with straw matting; whilst lying all over the place were British soldiers in the agonies of heat-stroke, malaria, dysentery, and all kinds of horrible afflictions. Listen to this: "When a patient was brought in with heat-stroke there was no bath to be had; he was just put on a waterproof sheet, and buckets of water were thrown over him, the waterproof sheet catching the water, to be used again on the next patient." There was scarcely an umbrella to shield men from the sun when on the hospital ships; whilst invalids were sent home in the depth of winter, in the thin khaki drill made for the hot climate "And," says one of my correspondents, "if it had not been for the Australian nursing staff lending us underclothing, etc., we should have had a few burial services at sea." And so I could continue. But it is all to be hushed up—"We must get on with the war," says the Prime Minister. And we must presumably find fat jobs at home for the culprits who are responsible for these murders, and for the lying and deception with which they endeavoured to conceal them. *Not if I know it!* And, by the way, what has become of General Gorringe—another Mesopotamia "hero"? Is it true that he has been appointed to an important command in the West? Perhaps the Prime Minister would like to see what some of the boys of his Division have to say upon the matter? Listen again—this time to what an Assistant on the Medical Staff tells me: "While the poor wounded soldiers were denied the simplest first-aid medical requirements, there were more than ample supplies in Bombay and other cities of all drugs, chemicals, bandages, etc., and yet the poor devils were being brought in with their wounds dressed with strips of their khaki shirts, and other parts of their uniform." What a sickening, revolting tragedy it all is; and why, in the name of God, if the Government meant to hush it up, did they ever draw the veil aside? It is a stupendous blunder, and I find it difficult to believe that Mr. Lloyd George is a willing party to it. Be that as it may, however, something must be done. I cannot much longer hold back the "passionate mob" of bereaved and infuriated relatives of those murdered lads. What am I to say to them? I am urged to convene a monster meeting—but it would make an ugly crowd; and ugly crowds are things I wish to avoid just now. I ask for some message of comfort from the Prime Minister. It is useless to say, as he said in connection with the last London air-raid, that these things must be endured. That is cold comfort, indeed. And it is not true. Will Mr. Lloyd George give the people his solemn, sacred undertaking that everyone impugned by the Report shall at some time and in some form be placed upon his trial? That is all I ask. Not much, is it? After all, we have just cashiered two officers for an excess of disciplinary zeal in regard to a Conscientious Object. Never let it be said that the thick skin of a coward is of more concern to the authorities than the lives of the boys at the Front! Come then, Mr. Lloyd George—here is my offer. Will you accept it—or must matters take their course?

Who Is the Cad?

Contrast the case of those two officers who for the sake of an Object have been broken and their names made public property, with the disgracefully inadequate treatment of the anonymous and offensive Major who poured a cup of hot coffee over the head and down the back of a young soldier. I have so far refrained from commenting on the case because I expected to see the Major officially denounced for his Hunnish action. But what has happened? Why, his name is still kept a secret; nothing has been done to him, and an offence which in its moral aspect is an offence against the whole rank and file of the British Army goes unpunished. Recently I had something to say about the bullying that goes on in the Army, and I warned the Government of the danger of allowing these insults and indignities to persist unchecked. Here the War Office had an opportunity of doing the just and honourable thing—and the pig of an officer who insulted that young private gets off with an apology—to whom? To the young soldier who was thus degraded? So far, only to the lady in whose presence the ugly incident took place. There is no dispute about the facts; they are as glaring as the sun at noonday. Ladies were supplying coffee to the men on a special troop train at York Station. Some of the soldiers left the carriages to assist, and one young fellow, having helped his comrades who remained in the train, had just obtained a pint of hot coffee for himself when a sergeant gave the order for the men to entrain. Before this man had time to comply, the martinet Major, who was in command, seized the mug and "without any warning or provocation"—according to the lady who had supplied the coffee—poured the contents over the man's bare head and down his neck. When the lady protested in tears, this "officer and gentleman" said "it was for him to decide" how a soldier should be treated! And the

AIN SPEAKING!

e Cad?—My Offer to the Chancellor.

EDITOR.

disgraceful action of the War Office in screening the Major leaves that monstrous assumption unchallenged. When this offensive incident was brought up in the House of Commons the other day, all the Under-Secretary for War had to say was that, as the Hunnish officer had expressed his regret for the incident, it was not proposed to take any further action; he had "no doubt" the gallant officer (you notice the misuse of a fine word) had apologised *to the lady*. Moreover, he declared there were "extenuating circumstances." What were the extenuating circumstances? Let us know. Let the Government understand that there is many an honest private who, by standing and education—by all that gives a man the right to regard himself as deserving of decent treatment—is infinitely superior to many officers placed in authority over him. And that being so, he deeply resents anything like browbeating; his blood tingles at the insulting word or tone. This matter should have been treated by the War Office with gravity and seriousness, and the offender should have been brought to book. It was an opportunity to make a much-needed example; it gave occasion to prove to the splendid fellows who have sacrificed home and business to serve their country that harshness and insults, which find no sanction in the King's Regulations, are condemned and punished by the King's Government. If a private had been guilty of spilling a cup of coffee over a Lance-Corporal, he would have been Court Martialled, and imprisoned for fifty-six days, with stoppage of pay and of allowances to dependents. Similar treatment should have been meted out to the uniformed upstart in this case.

My Offer to the Chancellor.

When will Ministers understand public feeling? Take this matter of another Loan. In other words, the same money is to go round again, to be handed back in Contracts and wages. It is a rotten system of finance. Why on earth can't the Chancellor issue a great War Lottery—or give us Premium Bonds? He would be amazed at the El Dorado awaiting him. Let us hear no more cant about the "immorality" of such schemes. There is nothing inherently wrong in "gambling"—even the Bible doesn't forbid it. They were always "casting lots" in those days And a thing which is made "wrong" by Act of Parliament can just as easily be made "right." Besides, in the case of Premium Bonds you can't lose your capital. You simply accept a small rate of interest in order that the rest of the Interest Fund may go to provide the prizes. It is quite a sound, Christian, altruistic scheme. Come, Mr. Bonar Law, take your courage in both hands—and damn the faddists! Look how they have dried up about racing. They don't count. And there is another source of revenue open to you. What about dormant balances and unclaimed securities in the hands of the Bankers? I'll give you a hundred millions for them. Why be afraid of the Bankers? They are only glorified pawnbrokers, trading with other people's money. You ignored their advice over the last Loan. Now ignore them altogether. Don't be frightened—they won't hurt you. You may remember that three times in the House of Commons I secured a First Reading, by huge majorities, of a Bill to compel these Chartered Moneylenders to disgorge their illicit funds, and hand them over to the Public Trustee. I believe you voted for the Bill, yourself. And you will remember what a sorry figure the Bankers cut. First of all, "the amount involved was so insignificant that it wasn't worth considering." Then the proposal meant "the dislocation of the whole banking business of the nation"! Ask the Private Bankers to let you spend an hour in their vaults Call for a Return of all undisclosed balances and securities left on their hands by officers who have fallen in the present war. The Banks are reaping a veritable harvest from this source—a harvest of blood. Step in and stop it. Don't let them fool you any longer. Get a move on—the public will be at your back. We are Loan weary—and the Interest and Sinking Fund will mean a big drain on us for years—unless you make Germany pay it. Well, there you are—three suggestions; And I've more ready when you want them.

The Stockholm Farce.

And what about all this Stockholm nonsense? When the voting at the Labour Conference was announced, most people looked dazed and began to think that the end of the world had come. They do not know what a fraud this "card" system is. Each delegate claims the right to vote on behalf of every member of his society—without, except in very special cases, consulting them at all. I should like to see the actual voting of the delegates themselves — not that even all of them can in any true sense be considered as representative of the workers Take Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, for instance. In what sense is he a "worker"? A Scotch School Teacher—who wasn't even a member of the teachers' own Union—what on earth is *he* doing amongst honest, *bona-fide* workmen? And what right has he, in their name, to talk about "our German friends"? However, it doesn't matter. for there will be no Congress. Already France, Belgium, and Italy had boycotted the idea—and now we know, what I always suspected, that the Russian "delegates" had no representative authority at all, and that the Russian Government is opposed to the scheme. I am afraid Mr. Henderson lost his head. Like the simple fellow he is, he became obsessed with the importance of the people he met and fraternised with when in Petrograd. But he has let the Cabinet down badly, and the Premier was quite justified in publicly rebuking him. Why the Government ever temporised with the matter at all, I can't understand. If my good friends will take a word of advice—and I've some very good friends on the Labour Benches—they will leave the job for the moment in the hands of Messrs. Haig Petain and Beatty—three excellent Peace delegates. When *they* say the word, it will be time enough to hold Conferences—to settle the Terms of Peace; and then take them to Berlin.

STRANDED AT STRANRAER.

CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS HAVE TO CHANCE THEIR LUCK.

Somebody at the War Office ought promptly to indent for a "Bradshaw." Then, if the office-boy would diligently study the railway and steamboat time-tables, he could tell the higher authorities when train connected with boat, and so save the Army from stupid, shameful mistakes such as those that have happened, more than once, at Stranraer. Let us relate the latest occurrence. Over 150 soldiers, more or less invalid, on their way to a convalescent camp in Ireland, detrained at Stranraer on a Tuesday evening, finding themselves helpless and homeless. There was no cross-channel steamer available till the next day, and 150 wounded men, stranded at Stranraer, were "all bandaged up and nowhere to go." No provision whatever had been made for their sustenance or accommodation; nobody had worried whether they could complete their journey or not. They had been moving about from place to place for four days, and it is said there was no officer in charge of them. Happily, Stranraer possesses a Welcome Club, and its members are good fellows who rise to an occasion like that. They provided the soldiers with food, and they had them put up for the night at the Drill Hall. They had done so similarly once before, within a week, and had been pleased to do it. All honour to the Welcome Club! But it is disgraceful to think that the Army should send hundreds of convalescent men about the country entirely unprovided for, with no arrangements made, and dependent upon chance hospitality. Such complete absence of organisation is deplorable; it is totally inexcusable, because two minutes' perusal of a time-table would render it impossible. It should never happen once; when it is repeated, the offender merits only the sack. Invalided and suffering soldiers are not to be thrown loosely abroad, to "get there somehow," or anyhow.

SAMSON DISGRUNTLED.

WORK FOR THE WEAK—REST FOR THE STRONG.

A horny-handed son of toil employed in a shell factory writes us to say that he picks up 500 shells *per diem*, wheels them a certain distance, and then picks them up again and places them "on to a table." That is really picking up 1,000 a day, in weight about 45 tons, and all the time he is suffering from tuberculosis. While he is keeping himself warm in this Samsonian exercise, strong, healthy men about him have hardly enough work to keep 'em from freezing while they yawn for sleep—so they make ornamental "brooches with a small shell attached to them." Also "they have then got the blank sauce to make a Flag Day to indulge them to play cricket of a dinner hour and evening. Let them pick up 45 tons a day, and then see if that——." The expression is a little crude, but we think we perceive the drift. Even in the matter of work, there is much truth in the old text, "Unto every one that hath shall be given."

"DOGS AND SAILORS."

WARNED OFF THE SURGEON'S DOOR-MAT.

Dogs are fine animals, and sailors are often jolly dogs. But dog should be coupled with dog; to couple dogs with sailors in a public notice is offensive, and an indignity. It has been done by a surgeon on one of his Majesty's ships, and done in a very nasty manner. This medical gentleman has thought fit to affix to the door of his deck-cabin, where it is exposed so that all who run (or walk) may read, the following notice:—"Dogs and Sailors Not Admitted.—By Order." The paper bears the printed heading of the P. and O. Steam Navigation Company, but its steamers are now, of course, part of the Royal Navy. The surgeon who perpetrated the offending intimation is not overworked; in fact, he is probably enjoying the time of his life. That may be why he desires his leisured ease to be undisturbed by lesser animals, on four legs or upon two. The Jacks are boys of the bull-dog breed, right enough, but they are men, with a man's feelings and a man's pride, and to be "warned off" in a style so gratuitously arrogant and insulting does not make for harmony.

GLORIOUS BEER.

A PLAIN HINT TO THE THIRSTY.

From a casual glance at their advertisements, it might almost be assumed that the Toxale Company, of 26, The Bar, Beverley, York, were philanthropists. It is their friendly desire that you should "Brew Your Own Beer," and they offer particulars free in exchange for a stamped envelope. Subsequently, however, they suggest that you should tip them half-a-crown for "telling you the secret and fully instructing you." And, remember, that when the Toxale Company say "beer" they are not—so they claim—trifling with a sacred word. "Toxale" is "intoxicating," and is "beer in the strict literary sense"—none the less "literary" from the fact that you can brew it in your own back kitchen. Apparently the much advertised recipe for the manufacture of "Toxale" has failed to excite the curiosity of the Excise authorities or to rouse the righteous anger of the Liquor Control Board. We are inclined, therefore, to suspect that this "beer of beers" might with impunity be distributed at a Sunday-school treat; that it is, in fact, beer not merely in a "literary" but in a strictly Pickwickian sense. The "Fungi Food Company," of the same address, recently invited all and sundry to "assure themselves an income" by raising mushrooms for sale at from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. a pound—"full particulars upon receipt of stamped-addressed envelope"—whilst, as the Editor of the *Football Forecaster*, W. Bloomfield, from those premises, has been giving "certs" for various newspaper competitions, perhaps the brewing advertisement is inserted because those who took advantage of the mushroom scheme or the money-winning competition efforts are now so opulent as not to require another fortune-making recipe. Perhaps not!

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Suspected by the nation, still
Lord Haldane flouts the people's will,
And by means devious and sly
Yet keeps his finger in the pie.

The British working man, 'tis thought
By some, is likely to be caught;
But if he steps into the snare
Of his sound sense we shall despair.

"Walk up, walk up!" and "Buy, buy, buy!"
The Party whips in secret cry,
And surreptitiously display
Their stock of "honours" day by day.

"CAVANDER'S

Army Club"

CIGARETTES

ARE NOW REDUCED TO

11D. FOR 20

SOLD BY ALL TOBACCONISTS
AND AT ALL THE CANTEENS

The price is lowered, but the Quality remains the same.

Exhilaration!

THE refreshed, clean, fragrant sensation imparted to the mouth by the use of Gibbs's Dentifrice is akin to the keen exhilaration the war-worker finds during her brief spells of outdoor recreation. Ask your Chemist for Gibbs's Dentifrice, the delicious solid dentifrice which keeps teeth sound and white.

Price 6d. & 1/- of all Chemists.

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES of Dentifrice, Shaving Soap, and Cold Cream Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

Gibbs's Dentifrice

"Like a Breeze in the Mouth."

D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd., (Dept. 13 W.), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1.

THE IDEAL
FAMILY
MEDICINE
for
PAINS *after*
EATING
HEADACHES
BILIOUSNESS

INDIGESTION

For nearly half a century Mother Seigel's Syrup has been the reliable family medicine in hundreds of thousands of homes throughout the World for the prevention and relief of stomach and liver troubles, and as a ready means of recovering and maintaining good health. Mother Seigel's Syrup has a gentle tonic action upon the digestive organs — the stomach, liver, and bowels—toning and strengthening them so that they are able to do their work effectively and obtain from the food you eat all the nourishment requisite to keep you strong and vigorous.

By making and keeping the blood pure, Mother Seigel's Syrup brings the glow of radiant health to the pale cheeks of anæmic girls, gives strength to growing boys, and revitalises the digestive organs of the elders and makes them feel fit and strong. Keep Mother Seigel's Syrup in your home. It is an ideal family medicine.

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 2/9 Bottle contains three times the 1/3 size.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 1.

Spare Our Sleep

from being spoilt and our nights made a time of loathing and discomfort by the attacks of body-vermin—the plague that no soldier escapes.

PARASITOX the scientific destroyer of (and protector from) the insect pests which add so much to the horrors of modern warfare; whether in Flanders, France, Saloniki, or the East. THERE IS NO MORE WELCOME GIFT. All winged pests are repelled by an occasional application to the neck and other exposed parts, and relief from that "terror by night," the Sandfly, is certain if "PARASITOX" is applied before sleep.

1/-
Per Stick.

Non-Greasy. **"PARASITOX"** Pleasant to use.

THE MAGIC STICK which destroys ALL Insect Vermin.

Gentlemen—I wish to put on record a praise for your wonderful salve "PARASITOX." For three weeks I was so badly bitten about the hands and face that I could not hold anything or hardly see anything. After one night's use of your wonderful remedy, I knew the pleasure of a good night's rest, free from the tortures of Mosquito bites, and awoke next morning to find that all swollen parts had resumed their natural size. I may say that I have tried many local salves for the same, with very little result. A little goes a very long way, thus making it so very cheap. Thanking you for your prompt delivery, I beg to remain, Sirs, yours gratefully, Sergt. L. C., Gibraltar.

The non-poisonous Fly Spray Insectox.

Kills and repels Flies, Mosquitoes, and all winged insects. Thousands of gallons used by R.A.M.C. in the East. Packed in compact Army outfits 20/-, 36/- and 60/-. Complete Home Outfit including Sprayer and 1-2 weeks supply of Solution, from 7/-.

FREE *Illustrated 36 pp. Treatise on Insect Pests, with articles contributed by experts. Trial samples supplied to any R.A.M.C. Officer.*

Obtainable from Expeditionary Force Canteens, all branches of Boots and Parkes, also Army and Navy Stores, Harrods, Selfridges, and all principal Chemists and Stores, or from Heppells, Chemists, 164, Piccadilly and branches.

HEPPELLS Insectox Laboratories, 2, Eden Street, Hampstead Rd., N.W.1.

Let these
MAGIC TABLETS
cure your
HEADACHE

Our grandmothers thought two or three hours "lying-down" necessary to get rid of headache, but nowadays—thanks to Daisy Tablets—two or three minutes are as long as a complete cure need take. When the pain comes, you just swallow a couple of DAISY TABLETS, and in less time than it takes to read it, the pain has *gone*.

This year there are more headaches than ever before—the harder work, constant nerve strain, and ever-present worry of war are to blame—but fortunately the remedy has arrived along with the disease, and all over the country once-suffering women will tell you with joy of the quick and speedy cures that Daisy Tablets achieve. Daisy Tablets are playing a great part in helping to keep the country steady of nerve and free from pain.

EVERY WOMAN EXPOSED TO WORRY AND NERVE STRAIN ought to carry a box of Daisy Tablets with her always—to the modern woman they are as necessary as a mirror and a powder box!

Get a box to-day and be prepared—all good chemists (including Taylors and Boots) have them.

SAMPLE AND TREATISE FREE.

So that they may have a chance to give you personal proof of their power, we are willing to send you, FREE, a dainty sample box of Daisy Tablets. We will also enclose a valuable treatise on the causes and rational cure of Headache and Neuralgia. Write to-day, please, as the offer may be withdrawn at any time.

DAISY TABLETS

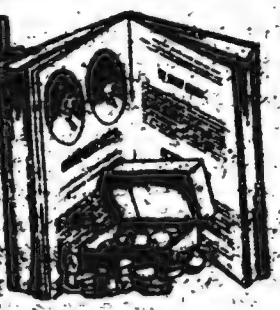
DAISY TABLETS are sold at 1/3 per box of 25 by Boots, Taylors and other Chemists everywhere. There are also Daisy Powders, sold at 1/1½d. per box of 20. A box of either form will be sent direct post free from Daisy, Ltd. (Dept. T7), Leeds.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES CURED.

Domigo has been tested by scientists and sufferers with great success. The secret of the recipe was brought by an Englishman from the heart of Africa; and since its discovery it has cured numbers of distressing complaints where all other means have failed. Its action is thorough and far-reaching, yet very pleasant; it is a great Blood Purifier, and is free from all harmful chemicals. It cures permanently and it can cure you.

To enable sufferers to test the value of this great discovery, it has been decided to supply a limited number of Trial Treatments together with a valuable treatise on Blood and Skin Troubles for 6d. only to readers of this journal.

THIS TRIAL TREATMENT 6d POST FREE.



Domigo will cleanse your blood from all poisons and pollutions.

Send to-day to the DOMIGO CO., 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., and the Trial treatment, together with treatise, will be sent you post free by return. Don't wait a day longer. Clear your skin and blood from all poisons and other troubles by means of this great discovery.

DOMIGO CURES

LUPUS
SHELL POISONING
LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA
ECZEMA
PSORIASIS
ULCERS
SYCOSIS
GOUTY ECZEMA
BOILS, PIMPLES
BLOTCHY SKIN
ACNE
ANÆMIA
MALARIA

Domigo Tablets, Ointment and Skin Soap can be obtained from any branch of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., or post free direct.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page i.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MAGISTRATE AND PROFITEER.

Goo' day, sir. . . . *'Air trimmed?* Cert'n'y, sir. 'Ere you are, sir, this is a comferble chair. 'Ow is things lookin' up in the North, sir? . . . *'Ow did I know you come from the North?* Well, I didn't know fur shore, sir, but thet's one way of findin' out, ain't it? I like the North, sir. 'Ad many a jolly trip up there before the wore. *You* know — Blackpool, Noo Brighton, Southport, Carlisle. . . . Ah, you know Carlisle, sir, I see. I very near clipped a bit orf yore ear w'en you jumped, sir. Quaint ole town, Carlisle, ain't it, sir? But it ain't arf so quaint as some o' the noos wot comes out of it. I dessay it's a bit changed since I was there larst, wot with Guv'ment pubs an' thousands o' munition gals. I notice the idea of justice seems to be a bit changed up there, too, sir. . . . *Wot do I mean?* W'y, I was thinkin' o' that there pertater profiteerin' case wot was tried up there the other day. P'raps you 'eard of it, sir? . . . *You don't want to discuss it?* Well, I don't exactly want to discuss it meself. As a matter o' fack, I feel more inclined to cuss it. I 'aven't 'eard of sich a dirty rotten bizness fur months. Little and Ballantyne, seedsmen, wasn't it, sir? Charged with sellin' seed pertaters at more than the maximum price, wasn't they, sir? And the 'ead o' the firm a magistrate, too! Fourteen cases in orl, there was, an' the excess price charged totalled up to £211. Two 'undred an' eleven quid illegitimate profit! An' the 'ead o' the firm a magistrate, too! Lummy, *some* magistrate! The worst of it was, sir, several of them fourteen nice little deals was with the Army. W'en I say that's the worst of it, I mean w'en the firm put this fack forward as a defence, on the plea that the Guv'ment, through the military authorities, 'ad condoned the offence, so the firm therefore couldn't be punished for it! There's a nice, clean, honourable defence, sir, and no mistike. Jer know wot they fined 'im? . . . I say, jer know wot they fined 'im, sir? . . . Wot's the matter, sir? Ain't chew well? . . . *The 'eat an' change of hair?* Well, p'raps it is. But I should 'ave thort a change of *hair* from Carlisle would 'ave done you good. . . . *Wot do I mean?* Oh, nuthin', sir, nuthin'. It jist occurred to me, thet's orl. But I was a-sayin'—they fined 'im £70 an' £10 costs. Eighty quid in orl. Now, this is 'ow I look at it. Little and Ballantyne made £211 by breakin' the lore—an' the 'ead o' the firm a magistrate, mine jer—an 'ad to pay eighty quid for the privilege of doin' it, leavin' 'em a clear gain, over an' above wot they was *honestly* intitled to, of a 'undred an' thirty-one quid! Strewth, sir, *that's* 'ow it pays yer to profiteer an' break the lore nowadays! . . My word, sir, these 'ere country magistrates know a thing or two, believe me. But it does git my wind up w'en I think o' them dam'd ole fools on the Carlisle bench allowin' a brother magistrate to make a 'ansom profit outer wrong-doin'. I took a note o' their names, sir, in case enny of 'em should 'appen to drop in 'ere. There was Dixon an' Gibbins an' Dove an' Maxwell an' Clarke. A pritty quartet 'o' Justice Shallows, with one thrown in fur make-weight! An' Carlisle's in England, an' we're at wore with Germany! . . . 'Ere, I 'aven't brushed it yet, sir! . . . Sixpence. Thank yer. . . . Well, 'e's in a dooce of a n'urry. Must be one o' them five great unpaids, or a partner in the firm 'imself.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"EMPIRE NEWS AND UMPIRE":—

"Sugar Cards Coming. . . . The local FOOL COMMITTEES will be on the way to establishment in a week's time."

"EGYPTIAN MAIL":—

"There was no uniformity about the nurses' dresses, and outside the hospital THEY WORE NOTHING."

"MALTA HERALD" (Report of Court Martial Trial):—

"Mr. Art. Gaela then was called and SWORE."

"ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS" (advertisement):—

"Wanted, PARTY TO KEEP WOMAN IN BAD HEALTH."

"BOXING":—

"The pair were repeatedly warned to cease holding, and at the end of it Humphreys was disqualified, though if there was ANY DIFFERENCE they were BOTH ALIKE."

"HOME CHAT":—

"She PICKED UP HER GLOVES from the table—she PICKED UP ONE AND LEFT THE OTHER."

"JOHANNESBURG SUNDAY TIMES" (advertisement):—

"Sale . . . PIANO by ——, SUITABLE FOR A COFFIN."

"GLOBE" (heading):——

"Raids on London. Many more LIVES CAUSED BY ACCIDENTS."

NO MORE GERMAN MOUTH ORGANS

A British Invention.

A Perfect Pocket Wind Instrument for our Soldiers and Sailors. Post free, 7d. each, or 6s. per doz. Full instructions.

ROBERT FIELD, Folly Hall, Huddersfield.

POISONED BLOOD & LEG DISEASE.

How GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT Cures.

For 50 years Grasshopper Ointment has been absolutely unexcelled as a safe and certain cure for diseases of the leg. It cures by removing the cause, which is to be found in poisoned and diseased blood. The Ointment draws out the virus from the blood and tissues, and assures an early and complete recovery. Of all Chemists and Stores at 1/3 a box, or direct from J. B. ALBERT, 73, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

——Send 2 penny stamps for sample.——

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest, most economical Custard, delicious flavour and absolutely pure.

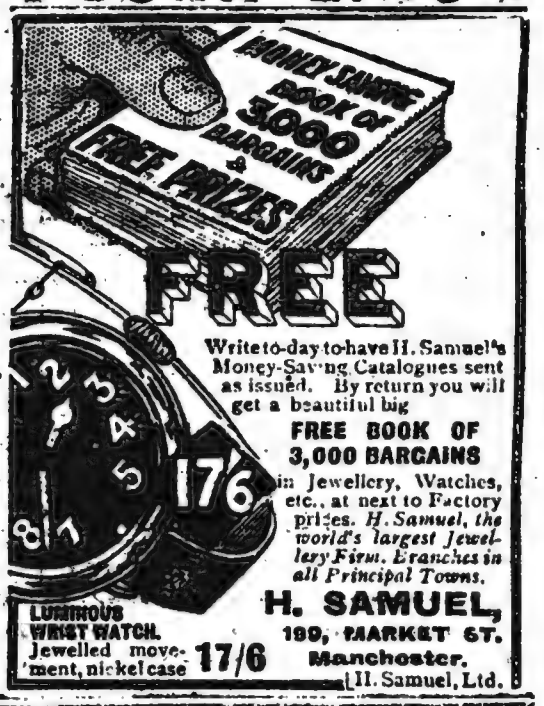
The Cream of All Custards

Cream Custard

WIVES

will do away with the labour of floor scrubbing if they have their floors covered with Catesbys famous CORK LINO. This is the original Cork Lino, wears for years, and looks well all the time. Look at the money that saves! Patterns and prices free if you mention this paper.—Catesbys Ltd. (Dept. 19), Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

CORK LINO



Write to-day to have H. Samuel's Money-Saving Catalogues sent as issued. By return you will get a beautiful big

FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS

in Jewellery, Watches, etc., at next to Factory prices. *H. Samuel, the world's largest Jewellery Firm. Branches in all Principal Towns.*

H. SAMUEL, 199, MARKET ST. Manchester.

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Jewelled movement, nickel case 17/6

[H. Samuel, Ltd.

JOHN BULL PENS FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS

Standard Model 1/9 with 13 Coupons Postage 2d.

De Luxe Model, with 13 Coupons Postage 2d. 2/9

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(August 18, 1917.)

P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, 19th August, 1915.

A Torn Scrap of Paper.

An Army Council Instruction, issued in July last, lays down that all men awaiting transfer to Class P reserve, or already in Class P, are to be discharged forthwith. We should like to know why this instruction has been generally disregarded.

Creating Poverty.

We regret to hear that an increasing number of Officers refuse to advance to men going on leave their week's pay and ration allowance, which the soldier should receive according to Regulations. Some of our budding Kitcheners appear to think that they have full power to tear up King's Regulations, Army Orders, and Army Council Instructions at their own sweet will.

Prussianism at Grantham.

A very willing, but very weak, driver recruit at Grantham was thrown from his horse three times on one day, and as he was unable to ride again he was put into the guard-room. The case against him was, however, subsequently dismissed. Later, he became ill, and told his sergeant he could not ride. He was again put under arrest, and given 28 days' Field Punishment, No. 2. This man should be released.

"Ragging" a Simpleton.

The Commandant of Rosemount Camp, Blairgowrie, should investigate the allegation made to us that a so-called Officer, to make fun for a friend, recently pulled a simpleton out of his tent at midnight and "ragged" him. The unfortunate victim, who is a C3 cripple, was taken to the guard-room, ordered to strip and go down on his knees and beg his Officer's pardon for some imaginary offence. He was then taken back to his tent by the "gentleman" and thrown inside. The Commandant would find no difficulty in obtaining evidence.

Pennington No More.

We learn from Depot Orders that Pennington Camp is to be called Mottingham Camp, and "must under no circumstances be referred to as Pennington Camp." The name has been changed, but the new denomination does not alter the unsavoury character of the place.

Riflemen's Rations.

The Officer Commanding the 9th Battalion of the K.R.R's., at Buttevant Barracks, might turn himself into Orderly Officer one day and visit the dining-rooms at meal time. The fact that the battalion is stationed near Cork, where the pigs are raised, is not sufficient reason for serving up to Tommy, as food, ingredients similar to those which find their way into the troughs of the porkers.

Southport's Glorified Bobby.

An Assistant Provost-Marshal at Southport appears to be thirsting for work. The other day he stopped, in public, an aged subaltern and complained that his khaki collar was not deep enough in tint to please him. The Officer, who has just returned from France, explained that the collar must have lost in tone by repeated washings. If this glorified policeman cannot find more important work, we suggest to the Provost-Marshal that he should be recalled.

Old-Iron Priced "Honours."

D.S.O.'s. are becoming as common in the Mediterranean Forces as Iron Crosses in Germany. Some of the foreign decorations are similarly showered—we find that of the 200 recently sent by the Serbian authorities to General Murray for distribution, 100 were kept in Cairo and went to the staff and others who had nothing whatever to do with helping the Serbian soldiers.

Give Them Their Due.

The crew of H.M. Trawler *Nodzu* are still waiting for the salvage money awarded to them some months ago. They hear that the cash has been lodged with the Accountant-General of the Navy, and are wondering why it has not been distributed.

Officers—and Gentlemen.

There are Officers, and there are Officers *and* Gentlemen. We receive complaint after complaint from ships that the chief amusement of their superiors is to sit around the Censor and listen to the reading of the men's letters to their wives. A more caddish practice we could not conceive.

Where Man-Power is Wanted.

At South Shields Naval Base there are very many ships which have to be provisioned before going to sea. The operation is not a swift job, as there is only one man—a ship's steward's assistant—to issue the stores to all the vessels. The result is that some have to go to sea insufficiently provisioned. And yet there are hundreds of idle S.S.A.'s in the various Naval Barracks.

Macnamara's Mistake.

Quite a mail bag has reached us from the various fleets commenting on statements made by Dr. Macnamara. The combined crew of a Dreadnought forward us the following open letter to the official spokesman of the Naval authorities:—"We see by your speech that you have been putting forward the pay and advantages of the Navy. Will you tell the country your experience and upon what you base your erroneous ideas? You have not been in the Navy, so what can you know of the lower deck unless what you learned as a visitor? What have *you* done that you should talk of the Navy at all? School children are more in your line." Evidently the tar does not think much of "the sweet little cherub that sits" on the Treasury Bench "to keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1915 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

A "Human Document."

The "unofficial" widow of a soldier who was killed has five children and no pension. She is unable to support them owing to illness. We saved her from the workhouse.

Help for the Lower Deck.

During the week a round dozen dependents of bluejackets applied for help. They were all genuine cases, and we were delighted to do all we could to make the mind of Jack easy.

Impoverished by the War.

A man and his wife are both invalids and unable to work. Their son was killed in action, and they now try to exist on a pension of 5s. a week. They were selling their humble furniture to keep the home fires burning when we had the pleasure of increasing the blaze with other fuel.

Sad and Starving.

A discharged soldier without pension and uninsured fell ill, and has consequently been out of work for twenty weeks. He is a widower and has six children. His eldest son, the bread-winner, was killed in action, and the poor chap was starving until he visited us.

A Jutland Hero's Widow.

A woman lost her husband in the Jutland Battle, and has now the scanty pension of 18s. 9d. a week. Her child is dying, and the woman herself is ill. We took the usual steps.

Small Pension and Privation.

A soldier's widow is in the hands of the doctor. She has four small children to support; her pension is also small. The unfortunate family were dragging out a hopeless existence until the details of the case were presented to us.

Helped—and Buried.

The wife of a soldier is in the hands of the doctor, suffering from an infectious disease which carried off her child. She had only the small Government allowance to live upon, so when some of her friends placed her case before us we took immediate action.

Those Killing Delays.

The widow of a man who was killed in South Africa has given to the Army her son, who kept the home going. She is awaiting the will of the authorities in regard to her separation allowance, and at present has only the 8s. 6d. allotment from her soldier boy. We came to her rescue just in time to prevent her landlord turning her out into the street.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Weekly collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 12s.; Mrs. B. M. L. (W. Bromwich), 5s.; G. H. J., 10s. 6d.; "Law Clerk," 4s.; A. S. (Paris), £1 10s.; "Bridge Winnings" (per C. M.), 5s.; "A Tommy's Wife," 2s.; G. H. W. (Natal), £2; "A Canadian P.O.," 5 dollars; Signal Section, 2/10th Liverpool Scottish, B.E.F., 5s.; T. E. (Acomb), 2s. 6d.; S. H. S., £1; Anon. (Stourbridge), 1s.; "A Soldier's Widow" (Letchworth), 2s. 6d.; C. B. (Wareham), 1s.; T. D. (Kingston), 2s.; E. W. (Kilburn), 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Tendring), 2s.; "Durham Sympathiser," £1; C. S. B. (Hampstead), 10s.; "A Brixton Widow's Offering," 1s.; "Taxi Driver 52/2," 1s.; "The Idiot," 5s.; Mrs. A. C., 1s.; "Yorky" (Bradford), 2s.; "Bedfordian," 5s.; "Soldier's Wife" (Canada), 2 dollars; A. M. R., 1s.; "Mem," 4s.; "A Munition Worker," 3s.; A. B. (Cadoxton), 1s.; J. M. L., £1; R. S. (Northwood), 4s. 11d.; "Scotch Widow," 5s.; Mrs. N. M., 2s. 6d.; C. F. C. (Southampton), 3s. 6d.; "Tushima," 10s.; Anon., 7s.; G. A. C. (S. Norwood), 2s.; J. T. (Milton), 2s.; A. L. L. (Eastbourne), £3; E. J. C. (Dover), 5s.; H. G. B. (Gainsboro'), 5s.; K. R. H. (Swindon), 1s.; "Little Bit," 1s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; Mrs. D. H. (Wilts), 7s. 6d.; Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Berwick*, £10; C. B. (Clapham Park), 1s.; H. B. (Chelsea), 1s.; A. H. (Treharris), 10s.; J. G. M. (Wavertree), 3s.; "Norah," 1s.; Mrs. E. H. (Blackburn), 2s. 6d.; "Rita" (parcel); Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, £1; "Duty Bone," 1s.; F. W. (Forest Gate), 2s.; Anon., 2s.; B. B., 1s. 10d.; C. W. H., 1s.; J. P. McK. (S. Rhodesia), 10s.; Mrs. B. K. (Wishaw), 1s.; T. G., 2s. 6d.; "Clodhopper," 5s.; "A Reader of JOHN BULL," 1s.; R. G. (Devonport), 1s.; J. J. G. (B.E.F.), 3s. 10d.; R. V. A., 3d.; Pte. N., 11d.; M. C. (Oldham), 11d.; R. L. (Doncaster), 2s.; W. G. T., 6d.; O. W., 6d.

Collecting Boxes.

LONDON.—Mr. C. Steel, "Queen and Prince Albert," 123, Great Titchfield Street, W., £1 7s. 2d.

Officers and Crew, s.s. *Lonhelan*, C. T., 58, South Shields, £1 2s.

BRIGTON, STAFFS.—Mr. D. Benton, "Board Hotel," £1 1s.

YORK.—Mr. J. B. Mummery, Navigation House, Naburn Locks, £1 3s.

MARSEILLES.—Mr. A. Gorton, London and New York Bar, 6, Rue de la Tour, £1 7s.

Uncensored Letters from the Seat o' War.

II.—The Destroyer Commander.

" . . . And, Mabel, while I think of it, for something-somebody's sake send me more Wrigley's! It's top-hole stuff for passing the long weary watches . . . not only gives you something to 'bite on' when the pipe exhausts its joys — but cleans and sweetens the mouth — and — somehow—helps you *concentrate.* Don't forget, now! . . . "

Dentists and Doctors agree

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

is very beneficial to teeth and digestive functions. Really *induces* appetite; aids digestion, cleanses mouth, calms nerves—is agreeably refreshing to the system. Is *purity* itself—no wax. Of wholesome vegetable origin. Widely imitated—naturally! Get only the genuine Wrigley's.

Packet of 5 bars, 2½d.

Be sure you send a supply to your Soldier and Sailor friends. Enclose a packet in every letter you write.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

WRIGLEY'S LTD. LONDON, S.E.1.

NATION'S NERVE POWER — IN — "1917."

THE PREVENTION OF NERVOUS BREAKDOWN BY TIMELY 'NOURISHMENT' OF THE NERVES.

Every Nerve Sufferer will be Vitally interested in a Product which is taking the place of Ordinary Nerve Tonics, Medicines and Stimulants.

7 DAYS' TRIAL SUPPLY 6d.—WRITE TO-DAY.

When health breaks down beneath the Strain of War, Anxiety or Overwork, then comes the problem of "Lost Nerve Power," and when the sure signs of Nerve Exhaustion, such as Sleeplessness, Depression, Loss of Energy, Brain Fag, General Debility, etc., manifest themselves, the popular tendency is to fly to some drug or so-called "tonic" or stimulant. To do so is not only futile, but is often very harmful, for in this condition the Nervous System requires Nourishment and Strength, not Stimulation. A little reflection will convince the reader of the logic and common sense of this statement.

The primary trouble in all phases of Nerve Exhaustion is starvation or semi-starvation of the Nerve Cells, the reason being that the sufferer fails to extract from his daily food the precious concentrated nutrient the Nerve Cells live and thrive upon. No medicine or tonic or stimulant can replace this lost nutritive substance, but by taking such false remedies the nerve sufferer sometimes feels a temporary improvement or exhilaration, which in due course passes away, leaving him worse than before.

The main guiding principle of the modern preservation of health may be said "to prevent." It is far better to think in good time "What CAN I do for my health?" than to one day have to say "What MUST I do for my sickness?" While there is time it behoves you to put your bodily "house in order." Do not make the serious mistake of waiting until illness is knocking at the door with all the signs of a complete nervous breakdown.

The following are some of the many symptoms of weakened or starved nerves, and if you recognise yourself as being in this serious condition you cannot do better than take a course of The Muller Nutrient.

Insomnia, Irritability, Continual Headache, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Depression, Failing Memory, Troubled Dreams, Languor, etc., etc.

The Muller Nutrient, it may be mentioned, is not a secret remedy (the formula is at the disposal of any recognised medical practitioner); it is not a patent medicine, and it is not "a cure all," but a highly concentrated Tonic Nerve-cell Food, the composition of which is identical with the natural nutrient the Brain and Nerve Cells live upon.

It has marvellous reconstructive value in cases of mental and physical exhaustion and in convalescence after serious illness. The Muller Nutrient is essentially a Food—a very different thing to a mere drug or stimulant. Prepared by Dr. Muller's own special process, it feeds the whole Nervous System with those vital elements the lack of which accounts for Neurasthenia.

This remarkable Preparation quickly creates a feeling of new mental and physical vigour. It is followed by no reaction, as is the case with medicinal "Nerve Tonics," and the effects are LASTING.

By rebuilding and revitalising the Brain and the Nerve Centres in the ONLY NATURAL WAY, The Muller Nutrient is not only a most powerful antidote against Nerve Fatigue, but is also the one certain and NATURAL remedy for nervous affections of every kind.

Active brainworkers who frequently suffer from Weak Concentration, Defective Memory, Loss of Will Power, Distaste for Continued Work, Brain Fag and Cloudy Thinking will find that Dr. Muller's Preparation will dispel these symptoms by nourishing the brain with the precious food substance it imperatively requires, thus renewing its mental freshness and vitality.

The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000 full-sized boxes of The Muller Nutrient for distribution amongst readers suffering from any nervous ailment.

Each box contains sufficient to last for seven days. By writing for it to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply for 6 stamps.

You are asked to enclose 6 stamps only. That is all it costs you. In return the box of The Muller Nutrient will be sent you. It will enable you to commence to reduce your nervous trouble and make yourself strong and well and full of vitality, force and power.

With this week's trial course of The Muller Nutrient will be sent full directions for use and a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this Book will also be sent you FREE.

This generous offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send up your full name and address, with six penny stamps, to 566, The Muller Laboratories, 144, Albany-street, London, N.W., and the booklet and a package containing a seven days' Trial Supply of the Nutrient will be sent post free in a plain sealed cover.

Sufferers and Inquirers calling at the Consulting Offices, 144, Albany-street, London, N.W., can see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to give Expert Advice entirely Free of Charge.

The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boots' Branches, and from all high-class Chemists in the United Kingdom.

The Dr Muller Nutrient

A True Nerve Restorative free of Baneful Drugs

Price from 2/6 a box of all good chemists.

NOTICE.—A Guaranteed British Product under British Control and Ownership. Superior to all Nerve foods in "powder" form.

LAST WEEK
OF . .
Robinson & Cleavers'
GREAT
CLEARANCE SALE
Of Stock removed from "Imperial Stores," Regent Street, and Surplus Goods from Stocktaking.

40 dozen Zephyr Shirts soft fronts, soft or stiff cuffs. To clear, 3/11 each.

Flannel Shirts for Summer or Winter. Sale price, 6/11 each.

White Shirts for Dress or Business Wear. Sale price, 4/3.

Khaki Flannel Shirts of good quality. To clear, 5/11 each.

Pyjama Suits, in various cloth, 3/11 per suit.

Pyjama Suits in Ceylon Flannel. Sale price 6/11 per suit.

UNDERWEAR AND SOCKS AT BARGAIN PRICES

Heavy all-wool Pyjamas, 25/- quality. Sale price 17/11 per suit.

Ladies' Blouses, to clear, 2/11, 6/11, 12/11 each.

Well-made Collars, in good shapes, 6 for 2/6.

100 doz. Wide End Ties, to clear, 7½d. each 3 for 1/9.

Pure Wool Socks, heavy worsted. Sale price, 1/6 pair.

Pure Silk Knitted Ties, were 5/6. To clear 2/3.

Gentlemen's Cape Gloves, good qualities. 4/3 pair.

Khaki Wool Jackets' Sale price, 9/11 each.

Ladies' Flannel Pyjamas, 6/11 per suit.

Large quantity of Khaki Wool Gloves, Mittens and Scarves at bargain prices.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs, in bundles, 6 for 1/3, 6 for 1/11, 6 for 2/6 postage extra.

WRITE OR CALL. ONLY.
101-102, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

KEATING'S POWDER
KILLS BODY VERMIN FLEAS MOTH
TINS, 3d., 6d., 1/-

Fight the Germs
that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease, TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.
VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE
by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.
Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send 4d. (postage) for SAMPLE BOTTLE and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. J. B.), Park Square, Leeds.
WITH Vitadatio
THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

3d PER TABLET
FREEMANS REAL TURTLE EXTRACT
Freemans
Wexford

The Food Beverage for all War Workers.
Vi-Cocoa

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance. LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

MESOPOTAMIA SCANDAL.—We regret that it has been impracticable for us to answer individually the numerous readers who have written us respecting this matter.

T. B. (Forest Gate).—You ask, in reference to our recent article "And Yet We Are Winning!" "in what hole or corner *are* we winning?" There are no hole-and-corner methods about our victory.

"ONE OF THE FOOLS WHO FOLLOW BOTTOMLEY" (Brockley).—So your wife thinks we are "a saucy old devil." The only count in the indictment to which we plead guilty is the sauce.

J. J. (Bootle).—So long as the Government is run by a Coalition, we think Mr. Churchill the best man for the post which has now been assigned to him.

T. B. (S. Kirkby).—The case of Lieutenant Smyth is now before the War Office authorities.

H. G. F. (Earlsfield).—Mr. McKean, Nationalist M.P. for South Monaghan, was well within his rights in complaining if he considered his shirt had been indifferently laundered, but we don't think he was entitled to use three large sheets of expensive House of Commons letter paper for the purpose of voicing his grievance. Anyhow, the whole incident provides a strong argument for Home Rule.

"AN OLD READER" (I. of Man).—"There's an uncommon thing on the leaves of oats this year. It is the letter 'B' marked very plain. Perhaps you will be able to give some meaning to it." Certainly. Watch your oats. You will see a "J" in front of the "B.," and the phenomenon explains itself.

V. E. B. (Harringay).—Your suggestion that there should be a shilling charge to witness theArcher-Shee—Billing encounter, and that the proceeds should be devoted to a wounded soldiers' fund, duly noted. The interesting function does not, however, look like coming off.

J. F. B. (Durban).—Why such a fuss about a few Army officers on leave having a bit of a kick-up at a Chelsea ball? "There was a sound of revelry by night," you may remember, on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo.

A. E. (Canterbury).—It is surprising to learn that a German firm of art dealers is still permitted to carry on business in the West End. We were under the impression that the Huns nowadays obtained all their works of art by systematic looting, under the able direction of the Clown Prince.

M. B. (Wroxham).—"You are one of the best loved and also most hated men to-day. . . . May your shadow never grow less." We are by no means sure that this is the kindest thing you can wish us.

MRS. E. B. (Cardiff).—Twelve years married, and no children! We sympathise in your disappointment, but are afraid we can do nothing in the matter.

"FLAMBO" (Enniskillen).—Sorry if our Ulster dialect was wrong. We must put a case before Sir Edward Carson to advise.

H. A. (Folkestone).—"After all, your courage or your honesty has its limits." At any rate, our modesty, like your impertinence, is unlimited.

F. W. T. (London, N.)—*Re* dogs, why we should "always defend these utterly useless brutes," this gentleman cannot understand. He would if he had the affection of a dog.

"SAM WARD."—So you think the Kaiser is "egotistical and symphltic." Is the latter a new disease, or have you made a hash of an old one? Or is it an adjective coined from symphyla—an insect having many legs growing from the abdomen?

F. M. (Heytesbury).—"If the young religious gentry would take a hand in the war, our souls would excuse their absence." There would be enough elderly parsons left for souling and healing.

PTE. J. M. B. (Lark Hill).—Does it not stand to reason that the rim of a revolving wheel moves faster than the hub, since it has a larger circle to travel at every revolution?

"SAPPER" (Newark-on-Trent).—The sample of the bread on which you lads have had to train has not reached us. It probably made good its escape while on the journey.

"PUNCH" (Dinnington).—We cannot tell you the value (if any) of your edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield." With an eye to present prices, it is positively enraging to read of a man who was "passing rich with forty pounds a year."

E. O. (Gateshead).—Certainly, relatives of merchant seamen, killed in the war, should not have to wait months before a death certificate is issued. Such delay is very cruel.

"CHURCHILL" (Stockport).—"Did Winston Churchill take part in the charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman?" No. And he wasn't in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, either.

"J. CROCKETT, 23rd Royal Fusiliers, 1st Sportsman's Batt.," is the inscription inside battered silver watch, found in a German dug-out at Delville Wood, and forwarded to us by a good soldier. Owner or relatives, please apply.

"SEA DOG" (Custom House).—"I am writing another letter of rubbish." Nothing of the sort; your plea for some badge for merchant seamen is not rubbish. They deserve it.

E. (Walthamstow).—"She is 48, and everybody says she is chasing the Vicar." Giddy old Chase-me-Charleys are not scarce in this world.

"A READER" (Hyde Park).—"Servants are quite willing to go on rations, but when we see the gentry such hogs it makes us dissatisfied." If some of the stuff for upstairs doesn't stay downstairs, the servants don't know their business.

W. S. (Brighton).—You tell us Glasgow's population is 1,010,000, and that Birmingham has a larger population than Liverpool. Our figures were taken from the last *completed* census. War stopped the compilation of a later one.

"LAINSHAW SCOT" (Glasgow).—"Surely God must have made Germans in his anger and his wrath." No, they are children of the Devil.

J. A. R. (Clapham, S.W.).—"Truth is stranger than fiction." It is certainly rarer.

E. J. R. (Llandilo).—Soldiers when they can get no ink, use a pencil, and we read every word. But our eyesight quails before your four pages written in red that looks like blood from the butcher's. Try again in decent black.

F. J. D. (Manchester).—We may be, as you say, "a witty nation," but we are dashed if we can see much evidence of it in your letter.

"EAST GREENWICH."—"They had the impudence to Raise it to 6d. Everyone Are Crying Shame of them. I think it my Duty to Lead the Way." Lead on, friend, and let your war-cry be "Beer, Beer, Government Beer!"—at 5d.

J. F. P. (Denmark Hill) dropped her copy of JOHN BULL in an omnibus. The conductor picked it up and handed it to her with the words: "Don't lose JOHN BULL, Miss; he's the best friend we've got." We always *did* have a high opinion of the intelligence of 'bus conductors.

"TRYGLASS."—"Please let me know which side the bride should stand, at the marriage ceremony." Inside. The poor bridegroom is the only outsider.

"AN ANFIELD READER."—"Will you pardon an old woman's intrusion?" Certainly. *And* a young one's.

"DISGUSTED BRITISHER" (Sheffield).—Sorry you feel so sick about things. A little effervescent saline might help.

R. B. (Lower Clapton).—"She has four dogs running loose with no collar and no licence paid for two or three years. Her lump sugar is stored under her bed." Few people use that position for sugar.

CPL. G. D. L. (Gravesend).—The appalling ignorance of the Southend ladies who mistook two convalescent Tommies wearing their cap comforters for Turkish prisoners, adds needlessly to the horrors of war.

MISS M. B. (Chiswick, W.).—Your religious zeal is intemperate if it enables you to read contempt into our recent reference to the Bible as a "beautiful book, but written a long time ago." It *is* a beautiful book, and it *was* written a long time ago, but we should have to become a pastoral people and utterly destroy the present social structure before we could live up to all that it teaches.

"LOIDIS" (Leeds).—"I have looked the last few weeks in anticipation of seeing something from you about Bonar Law's statement *re* his shipping investments." If you have seen nothing, you must have looked with your eyes shut.

MISS E. D. (Dublin).—"Just a note to say I am sending war-date." But you enclosed a map of Europe—out of date, not up to it.

H. J. B. (Borough).—"For a day's work at the jam factory three women were paid 1s. 2d. each, less 3d. for Lloyd George. One woman paid 1s. for her children to be minded." A penny out of pocket for a day's work is not all jam.

F. A. (France).—Ammunition boxes should be coloured brown or green. The present white boxes, sometimes covered with white sheeting, advertise the "dumps" like a foghorn, and the enemy spots them with alarming ease.

F. F. (Walthamstow).—The publican who overcharges for black beer nearly deserves to lie on his own black bier.

V. E. (Liverpool).—"Forgive me, and remember I'm only a sweet-seventeen-year-old." Remembering that, we would forgive you anything.

"FAIRPLAY" (Plaistow).—"I should like to give the lie back to your article. Yours respectfully." Wonder what you would give us if you weren't ours respectfully?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

BRAIN-STRESS

WHEN life makes heavy demands on the strength and the strain is felt in sleeplessness, mental fatigue and bodily exhaustion with nervousness and dyspepsia, it is likely enough that rest or change of habits is out of the question in these days of war-pressure.

The only way to meet the difficulty is by strengthening the system to meet the tax put upon it.

Concentrated nutriment is contained in the nerve-food 'Bynogen,' which consists of pure milk-protein, organic glycerophosphates and a specially prepared extract—in a soluble form—obtained from selected whole wheat and malt.

'Bynogen' Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- and 9/-

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.
LOMBARD ST., LONDON, E.C.
B 19

The Business Man.

RADIUM-LIGHTED WATCHES

Ingersoll "Radiolite" watches are the kind that do not quit at Sundown—or any other time. They tell the time day or night.

23/6

Waterbury, "Radiolite."

A jewelled watch, dependable in every way. Very suitable for business men.

Radium is the most expensive mineral substance in the world, and yet it is the substance employed in combination with other substances to give the luminous power to the figures and hands of the Ingersoll "Radiolite" watches.

The "Radiolite" grade of luminous material is used exclusively on Ingersolls, which are sold by thousands of shopkeepers throughout the Kingdom; but if your dealer cannot supply you, any Ingersoll model you wish will be sent post free upon receipt of price.

There are other Ingersoll models from 27/6 down to 7/6; "Radiolite" figures and hands 5/- extra.

GENUINE Ingersoll WATCHES HAVE NAME ON DIAL

Handsome illustrated catalogue sent post free upon request.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Ld., 353 Regent House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

FIRST PRIZE £500 'BULLETS'

For This Week ONLY

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	2nd PRIZE £50

1st. Prize — Five Hundred Pounds! — FOR THIS WEEK ONLY

☛ **A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.**

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, August 23rd.**

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(250) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 250, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, August 23rd.**

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(250) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, August 23rd.**

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(250) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 251. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these Offices on or before THURSDAY, AUGUST 30th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **251** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 251,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 251.

Seaside Honeymoon	Beginning to Tell	Doubting Thomas	Little Duck	Glaring Indiscretion
The German Mark	Cheerful News	When Baby Sleeps	Before And After	When Tallyman Calls
On Saturday Night	One Man Business	Hidden Treasure	Fighting Shy	Going to the Dogs
What Next?	Owing To The War	Past His Best	Makes Father Laugh	The Kaiser's Friends

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 250.

AT STOCKHOLM
SEAT OF TROUBLE
THE PACIFISTS
BETTER LEFT UNSAID
THE WAR CABINET
WINSTON CHURCHILL
MOST TEMPTING WHEN
SEASIDE PHOTOGRAPHER
OUR BOYS
WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE
PRETTY FIGURE
WHAT CUTHBERT LIKES
BATHING DRESS
NOT AT HOME
TOMMY'S BEST GIRL
AMERICAN SOLDIERS
THE RIGHT MAN
CLEAN SWEEP
AFTER THE WAR
LANDLADY'S CAT
FINDING FATHER OUT
GERMAN SPIES
STOUT AND BITTER
MY BABY
RED TAPE
TOUCH AND GO
SEASIDE PROPOSAL
IN THE KITCHEN
CHEAP LOAF
THE KAISER'S MISTAKE
CIVIL SERVANT
JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 32 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—
Example:—After The War.
Bullet:—Conscientious Objector Forgets Conscience.
Example:—The Right Man.
Bullet:—At The Front.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated September 8th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in Everywoman's, dated August 18th.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 247 APPEARS ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

Complete List of all Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

HUGE OFFER

For This Week ONLY →

3RD PRIZE £10	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE £500

Result of 247th 'Bullets' Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250 :—

Mr. C. C. YOUNG, Norfolk House, 25, Avenue Road, Weymouth.
Example :—PROFITEERING.
Bullet :—HENCE THE "HOWLING SWELLS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mr. JAMES ROBERTSON, 38, Scott Street, Perth, Scotland.
Example :—CABINET MINISTERS.
Bullet :—"DRAG ON" THE WAR.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10 :—

Mr. A. S. BASSETT, 2, Stockton Road, Coventry.
Example :—MAKING A SPLASH.
Bullet :—OFTEN "ROLLING STONE'S" END.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Miss MAY HIGHFIELD, 1, Beauford-square, Bath :
SEASIDE FLAPPERS—"LOVE" THEIR LITTLE GAME.
Mr. RONALD H. SMITH, 37, Reverdy Road, Bermondsey, London :
SLEEPING PARTNER—SEASIDE LANDLADY'S HUSBAND.
Mrs. RUNTER, 101, New Writtle Street, Chelmsford :
PROFITEERING—ROBS POOR, ROBES RICH.
Mr. C. S. MASTERSON, 7, Alexandra Road, Lowestoft :
WHEN AMATEURS ACT—RUSSIA SHOWS RESULTS.
Mr. T. EASTWOOD, 235, Stony Stanton Road, Coventry :
RAINY DAYS—MISER ANTICIPATES NOTHING ELSE.
Miss GRAY, School House, Marldon, Paignton :
KILLJOYS—SUNDAY A LA GRUNDY.
Mrs. A. R. RUSSELL, 1, Avenall's Parade, Old Bath Road, Cheltenham :
KISSING THE MAID—RATHER NICE WHEN "ACCOMPLISHED."

Mrs. ANNIE DIXON, 4, Garden Cottage, Crawhall Road, Felling-on-Tyne :
LOOKING AFTER BABY—DO MIND ITS "PINS."
Mr. JOHN CAMPBELL, 26, Bond Street, Brighton :
JUSTICE DARLING—NEVER ASKS "WHO'S BOTTOMLEY?"
Mr. W. O. MUNN, 45, Ivan Street, York Road, Belfast :
THE RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE—ITS EARLY INTENTIONS "BETRAYED."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH :—

Mr. H. E. SMITH, 10, Wimbourne Road, Hartley Road, Radford, Notts :
ON THE BRINK—NEXT STEP TO NOWHERE.
Mr. S. YATES, 10, Ormuz St., Cheetham Hill, Manchester :
IMPUDENT PROPOSAL—ANY PUT TO GOVERNMENT.
Mr. J. NELSON, 43A, Princess May Rd., Stoke Newington :
CABINET MINISTERS—WISH HOUSE "SHUT UP."
Mr. H. RHODES, [illegible]ct., 8 House, Heppenstall Lane, Attercliffe, Sheffield :
KILLJOYS—CAN'T STOP FOOLING.
Mr. E. RICHARDS, Signalman, H.M. Signal Station, Bull Point, near Devonport :
ON THE BRINK—OF "SLIPPING INTO" GERMANY.
Mr. A. F. MASON, 13, East Street, Farnham, Surrey :
NOT COMING OUT—PACIFIST—THROUGH FRONT DOOR.
Mrs. H. W. FISHER, 24, Crossby Terrace, Halifax :
SEASIDE FLAPPERS—MANY OF "LATE YEARS."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. E. W. SMITH, Church Street, Garmouth, Morayshire :
MAKING A SPLASH—LEARNING TO TALK RUSSIAN.
Miss W. FRANCIS, 4A, Belsize Grove, Hampstead, London, N.W. :
RAINY DAYS—CERTAIN AFTER "WAR CLOUDS."
Mr. JOHN ROBERTS, 50, Haydon Avenue, Moss Side, Manchester :
EXPENSIVE HOBBY—RUSSIA IS FINDING REVOLUTION.

Closing Date Thursday, August 23rd.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(250) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in correct claim :—
H. BARTER, Primrose Farm, Lyng, Norwich. A 124502. July 28th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 11th :—

014,130	263,339	603,552	914,277	A236,438
046,824	321,420	657,924	933,488	A258,516
073,619	348,610	710,779	942,502	A319,812
134,442	390,643	745,376	990,029	A336,597
172,261	439,262	769,613	A022,605	A382,751
181,210	492,752	772,666	A047,606	A449,654
187,558	516,813	821,317	A085,796	A492,033
190,632	531,518	835,482	A124,796	A515,225
224,175	577,359	859,771	A138,274	A547,263
243,322	598,182	894,108	A197,825	A563,113

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published August 22nd).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for Aug. 11, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 316,714 and A001,816. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader [man, woman or child] who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged [whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop] or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

August 18, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured ..... (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

August 18, 1917.

SELL YOUR

WASTE PAPER

TO

PHILLIPS, MILLS & CO., LTD.

BRIDGE WHARF,

Battersea, S.W.11.

VANS COLLECT DAILY.

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

Telephone: 2270 Battersea (4 lines).

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

Other laces may look like Paton's but none have the same wearing qualities or smart appearance. . . .

Paton's will give you lasting satisfaction because of their long wear. One of their strong features is the fast tab and the colours being constant Paton's Laces never look shabby. See that the next laces you buy are banded with the name "PATON'S"—they are so much better than any other and worth your while.

Boot Laces for Ladies' & Gent's wear 2d. and 3d. per pair.
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular) do. 3d. per pair.
Leather Laces do. 6d. and 9d. per pair.

British-made throughout. Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon PATON'S.

WM. PATON LTD., JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND.

End the insect pest for good

Insects in any shape or form breed and carry disease. Wherever they go disease goes with them. Make up your mind now to clear them out. Hawley's I.K. is the sure insect Killer—no mess—no fuss.

Get a tin from your chemist to-day and declare war against obnoxious pests. Sprinkle the fine brown powder in out-of-the-way places—that's where insects usually exist.

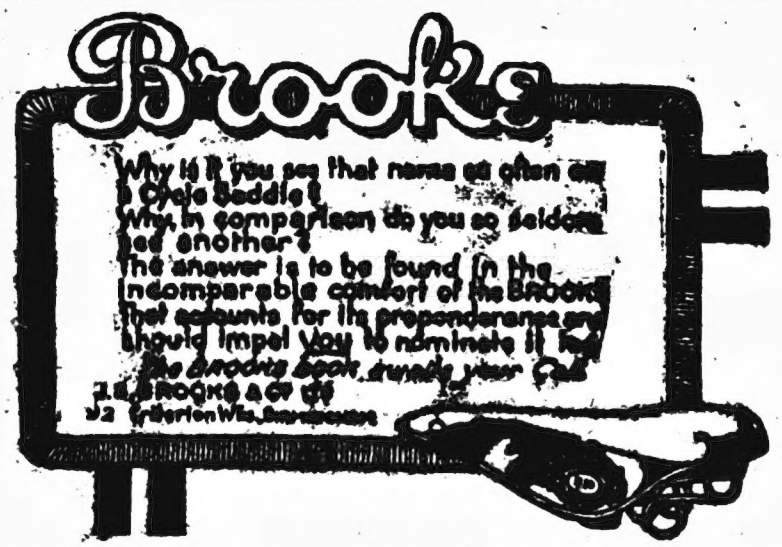
Send a tin to your soldier friend at the front.

Hawley's

I.K.

(Insect Killer)
is sold by chemists everywhere.
Manufactured by—
EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, LTD.,
LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

Hawley's I.K. should be freely used by all workers in busy industrial centres, and by soldiers in training. It prevents the spread of disease where large numbers of persons are concentrated.


Brooks
Why is it you see that name so often on a Cycle Saddle?
Why, in comparison do you so seldom see another?
The answer is to be found in the incomparable comfort of the Brooks that accounts for its preponderance and should impel you to nominate it for
The Brooks Book, dated, post free
B. BROOKS & CO. Ltd.
Alberton Works, Birmingham

WHEN stung by gnats, mosquitoes, wasps, or other insects, quickly apply POND'S EXTRACT to stop the pain, reduce the inflamed swelling and avoid blood-poisoning.

POND'S EXTRACT is a powerful antiseptic with 70 years' reputation, and is the safest and best of all household remedies for Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Sore Feet, Sun-burn, Varicose Veins, Piles, etc.

Never be without a bottle in the house.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. Sold by all Chemists and Stores in sealed bottles (with book of directions), at 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-

POND'S VANISHING CREAM is sometimes difficult to obtain, owing to general war conditions. Users are therefore reminded that Pond's Extract refreshes and invigorates the skin and protects it from the trying effects of sun, wind and sea air.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 117), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

Pond's Extract *The Old Family Doctor*

Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL LTD.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9270 (seven lines).